

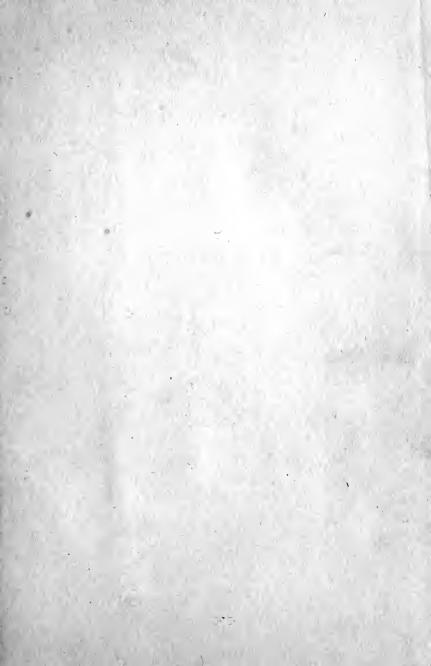


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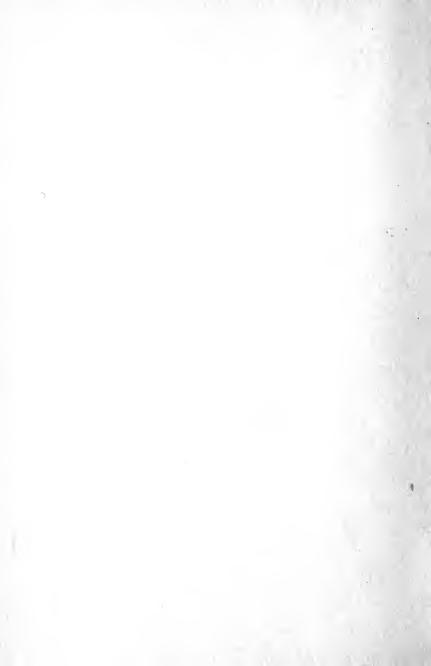
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# The Spirit of the South

## WILL WALLACE HARNEY



# BOSTON RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press
1909

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The Gorham Press, Boston, U.S. A.

To William Randolph Harney, without
whose help and assurance this work could
not have been written or published, this
book is dedicated by his father
WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY



#### PREFACE

The reader may be interested to know if the writer has done anything but write verses and little stories of the South for the magazines.

He is a descendant of that Revolutionary soldier, Lieutenant Jenathan Harney, who fought at Bunker Hill and Long Island; the son of John H. Harney, college president, editor of the first algebra published by an American, and for twenty-five years editor and publisher of the Louisville, Ky., *Democrat*, the leading journal

of the party in the Southwest.

Young Harney, the writer, began active life as a public school teacher in Louisville. In a service of five years his advanced classes induced the board of trustees to establish a high school, and in recognition of his services, Mr. Harney was made principal. After two successful sessions, the singular political insanity, Know-Nothingism, swept the city and elected a new board of trustees, who supplanted Mr. Harney by a successor who knew little enough to satisfy the principles of his party.

As soon as the trustees of the Kentucky State University knew of Mr. Harney's release, he was appointed to a professorship in the Normal Department of Transylvania, at Lexington, Ky., which was held until the withdrawal of the State's endowment. As a graduate of the Louisville Law School, Mr. Harney returned to practice law in Louisville, but was soon after called as assistant editor to his father on the Louisville Democrat. This position was held until, after

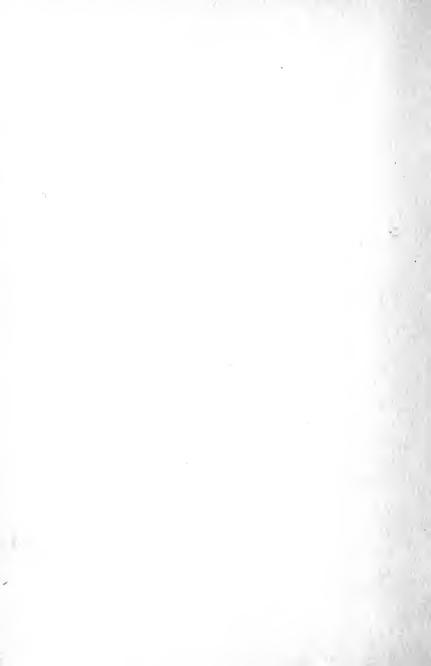
his father's death, he became editor in chief. In August, 1868, he married Mary St. M. Randolph, of the Virginia family, eldest daughter of Hon. W. M. Randolph, of New Orleans. birth of a son, in 1869, his wife's health failed. and he removed to the wilds of South Florida. The loss of his young wife left It was too late. him with her infant son in the unsettled wilderness of South Florida, almost without resources. But the great editors of the Atlantic, Harper's. Lippincott's, and other leading magazines, accepted his contributions, and that, dear reader, is the origin of these Southern songs and sketches offered a second time to a second generation. At the same time he entered a homestead, cleared and planted an orange grove with his own hands; built, with Judge Randolph's help, his residence, Pine Castle; established a post office, to which the name was given, a schoolhouse and school, Sunday school and church service; promoted a railroad and station at Pine Castle.

But his most effective service was his newspaper correspondence. In 1870 South Florida was an unsettled cow range, wholly unknown even to the agents of State and Federal Governments at Ocala and Tallahassee. The season was opportune; the winters had been severe. But when the Cincinnati Commercial, under that accomplished gentleman editor, Murat Halstead, invited correspondence, the monthly letters were followed by a rush of new settler colonists, Swedes, English, Union and Confederate soldiers. Correspondence with the New Orleans Times-Democrat and the Boston Courier completed the impulse. The writer promoted prospected railroads, started a

#### PREFACE

newspaper, The Bitter Sweet, at Kissimmee, to encourage river traffic by that river to and through Lake Okechobee to the sea. The effect of this correspondence is sketched in a recent letter to the Boston Courier, and the attraction of the unrivaled climate has interested the great novelists Howells and Chambers and others.

The infant son grew and prospered. Educated at home, at schools and college, he is in business, with a home and wife of his own. The story is the common story of the educated American in the South, and I think in New England. Why should the writer call his collected songs and stories The Spirit of the South? One must write of what one feels and sees. The writer has always lived in the South. The songs and stories are the romance of Southern lives; the daring exploits by sea and land. Do they not show the spirit of the South more than any formal study? Please buy and read them.



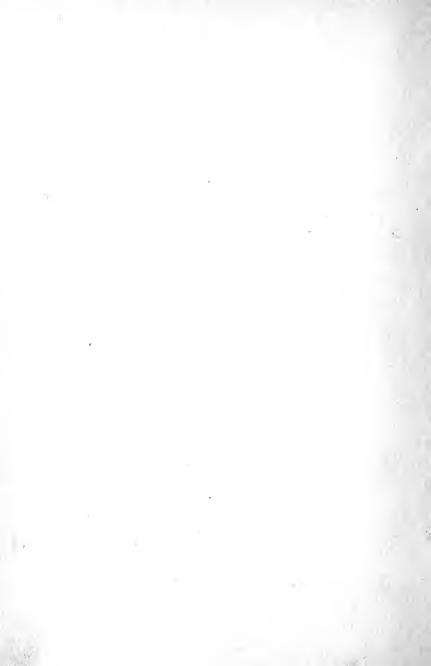
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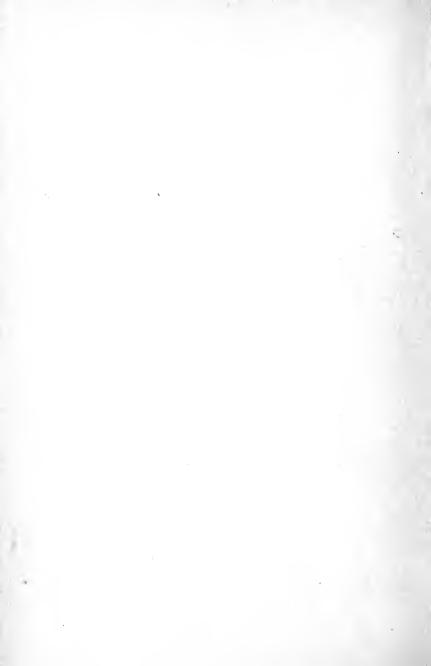


## WHO WON THE PRETTY WIDOW

#### PROLOGUE

THIS is a story of the times of the Great Rebellion. It does not discuss political questions, but only presents an inside picture of the trials and sufferings of one who shared and sympathized with the misfortunes of a lost cause.

A thousand stories, much better told, have delineated the hardships of the Northern wife in that period of desolation; may this one serve to illustrate the trials and endurance of her Southern sister.



## CHAPTER I

A NNO CONFEDERATIONIS 1, and in the interregnum of Jefferson Davis, and the consulship of J. Davis and A. Stephens, there lived in the Province of Mississippi, and not far from a gentle stream that finds its devious way to a neighboring bayou, a very pretty orphan girl. Her household consisted of an ancient maiden lady, and, occasionally, her uncle. To dispose of these at once, let us say that the ancient maiden lady soon found her wise way through the lines of the two armies; and the uncle, who was also her guardian, fell at the battle of Mill Springs, under General Zollicoffer.

As to the dwelling of our heroine, it was built, as many other Southern residences are, apparently on a succession of afterthoughts. Isolated rooms and curious cupboards suddenly developed themselves on the unwary, about the main building, or were stumbled over, in the surrounding enclosure, as if set out to cool. At a greater distance were the outhouses; with the negro quarters, gin and

sugar houses, and barn beyond them.

This pretty little orphan may be said to have been quite advanced in years, as she was exactly nineteen years older than the country in which she lived at the time our story commences. Perhaps her fame ought to be considered equal to her years, inasmuch as two great sections spent three or four hundred thousand lives, and endless dollars, to show that she was not just as old as the record in the family Bible testified. But, as her name is not found in any of the protocols and proclamations of that eventful period of proclamations, the temptation to compare her with Helen of Troy is resisted. Let us be satisfied with the fact that she was a very

pretty girl indeed.

She was accomplished, and could play on the piano a great many selections from opera, and almost as many sweet old-fashioned airs, in which the elder generation took great delight. She knew French, so as not to speak it correctly, and a little drawing, and a little botany and a great deal of school chemistry of a very confusing nature to the learned and unlearned. She was a skilful dressmaker, too, and knew how to adorn that perishable little body of hers in a manner perfectly maddening. Then she could card and spin and weave, and her nimble fingers made up many a suit of homespun and plaid cotton for the negroes. With these she was a great favorite, and "Miss Lucy says so," or "Miss Lucy won't like," was conclusive.

In this list of domestic accomplishments it would be scandalous to omit one upon which the lady prided herself not a little. She was mistress of the great art of providing savory viands for the delectation of the appetite; not only the delicate dishes I shall not rashly undertake to name, but also the wholesome sturdy staves of life, so to speak, that fill the body comfortably. In the matter of coffee she was just perfect. Once try it, and forswear all weak decoctions of inferior artists, lest memory lose the flavor from the palate. The black cook pretended to explain it in the phrase, "You can't make Miss Lucy skimpy\* to de coffee mill," but I think she failed. The little maid became a domestic witch around the coffee boiler, and seemed to infuse some of her own spicy freshness into the beverage.

She was also intensely and fearfully medical, but an all-wise Providence had tempered her rashness with a strong faith in homeopathy and little pills. Added to this, however, was an abiding confidence, in all acute cases, in calomel and quinine; which last she pronounced kee-neen, as was her duty to her preceptors. It was medicine to a sick man just to see that brisk little figure step in, draw together the arched brows, as if they had been called into the consultation, and so pop a little pellet on the furred tongue, and depart, leaving many injunctions against coffee, tea,

spices, and the like.

<sup>\*</sup>Skimpy, equivalent to scanty and stingy; the radical meaning of both words entering into the signification of the provincialism.

In the matter of religious instruction, no theologian of the new or old school could rival her. To see her at the cabins of a Sunday morning with Aunt Sarah, Aunt Lucy, and the cloud of monkey-like little blacks, with the Big Book before her, was a text, ay, and a sermon, of itself. She would read in a clear, fresh voice, with slight inflections of boarding-school taste, that could not spoil it, the parables of our Lord. Her own nature so loved his sweet humanities, she mostly fell upon those that revealed his sympathies with childhood and youth; and The Feast at Cana, The Prodigal Son, The Raising of Jairus's Daughter, came round very often in her loving pictures of a Saviour. Hearing these simple lectures, in that wise, childlike voice you would agree with Uncle Ben, as he stood listening at his cabin door, to the holiness within. "She's an angel of de Lord," said Ben, throwing up a black, brawny arm as he spoke,—" she's an angel of de Lord; dat jes what she is." Some months later he added, in his rough way, words she had read, "When I forgits her, may dis right hand forgit his cunnin', and de tongue cleave to de roof of my mouf." But he did forget her for all that. Do not let us condemn him. The charity his little teacher taught was ample to cover this.

When the long political differences culminated in action, our little heroine found the opinions crystallized into a common senti-

ment, and she shared and sympathized with it in every fiber of her earnest, positive being. She was a very resolute, active little rebel indeed, and thought her thought and spoke her speech without the least awe of the Great Giant hid in the gloom. It was her duty, she believed, and she went into Rebellion just as briskly and resolutely as she went into other duties, associating them with her faith and

religion.

She liked a good many things, however, besides duty. She liked a nice pony to ride, and a nice beau to ride with her; she liked a flower garden, and to dibble a little in it every morning; she liked pretty curtains to her room, pretty dresses, pretty and pleasant companions about her when she could get them; and then she would rob the pickle jar, and sit with such boon companions in frightful cucumber dissipation till ever so much o'clock. She liked to have the biddable young men of the county around her, and to please them, and, yes, she did like to nibble sugar biscuit and sweet cakes, behind the cupboard door, between meals.

The beaux came, in spite of these notorious faults in our heroine. Gay fellows from the city, in gray oval hats, and stark riders from the plantations, in broad felt, hung their tiles on the hall rack, beside the ridiculous rims of suitors from the far North. But come as they might, and roofed in as they might, they had a pleasant visit till the end,

and went to come no more. Yes, for if Lucy was not in love, she had at least taken a

strange inclination that way.

This was to a neighbor, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. His paternal farm adjoined Lucy's greater possessions, and the two had grown up together. His father had been a man of promise in the neighborhood, and was once chosen to the State Legislature. He thought it an honor, but it was his ruin. It spoiled him as a planter, and he fell into the hands of the country storekeeper. This is the veritable dragon of the small planter, which no Saint George has yet Cotton, like other monarchs, overcome. favors those only who see much of him. The man of a hundred bales ships to his factor, and receives the return less a moderate commission. The great busy world watches over his interest; rival looms bid for the staple, rival factors keep down the commission, but the world's huge spectacles cannot see microscopic crops, and the dragon eats up the small planter. The crop is hypothecated to the country merchant as soon as it is in the ground. He will supply necessaries on no other terms, for the dragons are pawnbrokers to a man. The planter has no individual credit, and the crop so pawned is paid for at a price set by the country merchant, in goods on which he sets his own price.

The father of Lucy's lover got in this mill of the country merchants, and it ground him

exceeding fine indeed. He fell into low ways and hung about the village cotton gin, blacksmith shop, and hideous country store with its dilute alcohol, and one day he was taken home starting and trembling in a sad way. He recovered a little before he died, and made a will, leaving all he to had his wife, and afterwards to his son; or, in the event of his son's death, to his nephew, a poor lame man of the neighborhood. Then urging that son to avoid his errors, he made his peace with God, and rested.

This advice the son was like to follow. He had taught school at seventeen, and farmed a little and traded a little, till he had a small capital of his own at his father's death. With this he paid off immediate encumbrances, and by economy was slowly escaping the dragon's fangs, when the war came between his work and his love for his pretty neighbor,

Lucy Lanfranc.

## CHAPTER II

THE fall of Sumter committed the South irrevocably to the struggle. The success, the singular escape from the effusion of blood, seemed to foreshow a brilliant victory and bloodless independence. It stirred the gay and gallant spirits of the neighborhood; a company was raised, and Lucy made a little speech and presented a flag; and the captain made his little speech; his two little speeches, in fact, and didn't seem satisfied, altogether, with their effect. But he went his way as others before him, and after.

Then Manassas followed, and the enthusiasm became furious. The cry was, "The Yankees will be whipped before we can get there"; and the leopards scented blood and were eager to be off. A regiment was raised, one of Lucy's favorites was the colonel, and then came the speeches. Lucy, presenting the flag, was charming and eloquent, and gave no symptom of breaking down; but the colonel did break down woefully, both in private and in public, and so followed the captain.

In none of these gayeties and gallantries did the widow's son take part. The fife and drum and the barbecue and picnic rejoiced in the grand Southern woods, as merry as if behind the day and balmy night the long ranks of the to-morrows did not march in Confederate gray and Union blue; but these allured him in vain. Lucy was vexed and uneasy. Could he tarry? The war would be over, and all the glory harvested, and this preux chevalier of hers not be even at the gleaning. She made up her mind to do something, and did it.

She lured him at the village church, and bore him captive. It was very sweet, she felt, after all, to have this recreant knight at her bridle-rein; but duty was duty, and she

would have her word, cost what it may.

He explained, frankly enough, that, knowing her heart was in this cause, and not seeing his way clear to go, he had refrained from visiting her

"But why?" she asked; "is it not your country? Even Moses, when the Lord was angry with the Jews, chose to be blotted out of His book rather than desert his countrymen."

"Yes," said Victor Shandy, "but a later apostle, under a better dispensation, said that 'he who does not provide for his own household is worse than a heathen.' My mother's affairs are so embarrassed, I cannot afford to leave her to struggle alone."

afford to leave her to struggle alone."

That was all he said. She understood now how this man who stayed was braver than all who had gone. He had sacrificed his ambition, his eager desire to be well with men,

and risked even her love, upon the altar of filial affection. "I didn't know; I didn't think," she said; "but I — Couldn't I take care of your mother?"

It was enough, and although she protested that he and his mother were different persons, and she had never offered to take care of him, yet it was somehow arranged that way, and there was a quiet wedding soon after. We can suppose Victor Shandy allowed his wife to assist him in the matter of his mother's embarrassments, for he went soon after to the wars.

The little wife remained quietly at her home, busy with her household duties, for perhaps a year. One morning, however, she lost her head man, her overseer, a canny Scot. "He could na just see his way," he said, "to bide at hame when sae mony braw men were i' th' field. His conscience gied him sair twinges there anent, and the slave boddies were a' gude laddies; belike the lady could sted the place alane." So Lucy praised his resolution, and was left her own overseer and manager.

How did she get on? Let her speak for herself. She wrote many letters to her soldier husband, in those days, - odd mixtures of practical sense, unpractical advice, and pious exhortations. Some of them are preserved,

and we quote extracts.

"I am no end of a planter," she said.
"Up by day, I breakfast at sunrise, and

mount Kitty Clyde for a morning ride over the fields where the men are at work. This keeps me till ten o'clock. Then for domestic duties until the afternoon, when I go again to look at the work and see that it is done right. . . . That unlucky south field wanted manure. Of course fertilizers were impossible, the blockade is so bad. But I ground the cottonseed to a meal, and put it on, a thousand pounds to the acre, and vegetation comes out wonderfully. The stock eat the meal, but it is not good, because it spoils the milk, unless you mix other things with it. . . . Your little wife has become a great spinster. Jane and Lucy and I carded, spun, and wove, not only stuffs for the hands, but heaps beside. The blockade is so bad, as I said, and the poor people just starving and in rags. McCandless, at the store, is so hard, I just thought I would try a little plan. I sold the soldiers' wives the cloth very cheap. Why not give? Oh, that is so like a silly man! Because I took the little money, and Mr. Melden, the preacher, who is a very good man, and not at all like the last you disliked so much, and — Oh, yes! Mr. Melden's brother got me some sugar, coffee, etc., for the poor people with the money. I declare, what a funny sentence that is! Never mind. You know what I mean, and I am in a hurry now. But Mc-Candless is as mad about it, you don't know; and the poor creatures seem to think I am making money at it somehow. . . . As to

the sale of cotton, the business—I don't know how to spell 'business,' no more than I do 'receive' and 'believe,' or which letter is first. So I crook the 's' just the least little bit, and the 'i' the least little bit, and put the dot above the middle of them. If you don't fix it right, it is your bad spelling, not mine."

Then she instructed him about the care of

Then she instructed him about the care of his health, in which, we may know, the quinine and little pills were not forgotten. "I know," she said, "that soldiers must get wet; but whenever you do, as soon as you get to your tent, change everything to the skin, and have Floyd rub you hard with a coarse dry towel. Don't neglect this." She was glad to hear "he had been promoted for gallantry, and was a sergeant"; then she closed in simple expressions of love and prayers, so dear to the yearning absent.

At rare intervals letters came from him.

At rare intervals letters came from him. Sometimes a batch, and then one or two stragglers, and then silence till the next opportunity. The mail facilities (?) in the Confederacy were a ridiculous failure at the best. Once old Mr. Sambre, a neighbor, found her frowning over a piece of information in one of these letters. He was a licensed grumbler, and went on, as usual, this morning till he

attracted her attention.

"I am afraid," said he, hitching his discontent to some disconnected remarks,—
"I am afraid we have not gained much by this cruel Rebellion."

At another time she would have rebuked the expression and argued the point; but she had her own private wrong to brood over. "This cruel Rebellion," he continued. "We are taxed this side and t'other. We didn't usen to have it, and hadn't ought to now. Now the government," with a stress on the last syllable, "is a goin' for to take our cotton, callin' of it a loan. Loan indeed! it's mighty like old-fashioned stealin'. I heered say this is the rich man's war, an' the poor man's fight. It's a sight wuss. It's the poor man's pay, too."

"Mr. Sambre," said Lucy, rallying, "suppose you were to ask Mr. McCandless, down at the store, to buy you a certain article in New Orleans, and he did so, but the bill he presented for the goods was larger than you

expected; would you refuse to pay?"

"That I would," said he, triumphantly. "I tell you, Miss Lanfranc,— Mrs. Shandy, I mean,— I wouldn't trust that thar Mc-Candless furder'n you could throw a bull by the tail."

"But," said Lucy, trying to save her illustration, "if McCandless was an honest man,

wouldn't you pay?"

"I dunno; more'n likely I'd have to. But," he added stoutly, "I'd grumble like the devil." "Well, well," said Lucy, "we'll just have

"Well, well," said Lucy, "we'll just have to let you and such as you grumble and pay."
"But I want to be gittin' what I done

"But I want to be gittin' what I done told McCandless to git. He may have

went\* and spent it for somethin' else, like that dern lickin' our government's done got up in Kantuck," growled the irrepressible.

"What do you mean?" said Lucy. "Have

you any late news?"

"You done heered how Zollicoffer's got licked, an' we got licked at Donelson, and somebody's done got licked som'er's else I dunno whar. They ain't none of 'em wuth a cuss, them ginirals. Ginral Jackson'd tie the whole of 'em up in a bag and lick the hind-sights off'n 'em. They don't put up the right min as officers; that's what's the matter," said the old man.

"I do not doubt you are right," said Lucy. "Would you believe it, there is my husband, Victor Shandy, only a sergeant? I don't know what that is, but it is neither suited to his position in society, nor abilities." And she believed this neglect was fruitful of all the disasters.

"A sergeant, more partickler, a ordurely sergeant," replied the old man, with a Southern softening of the vowel, "ain't bad. I was a ordurely sergeant myself once 't at the mustah."

But Lucy did not hear him. She had gone to order the pony carriage, for a visit to the post office, and was soon on her way.

The storekeeper was lounging with the cus-

<sup>\*</sup>In the South, the lower classes have no use for the participle "gone" except as an auxiliary in such a string of pearls as "done been gone done it." "Might have went" is the common expression.

tomary idlers of such a place when she entered, and he showed his insolent dislike by the tardiness of his answer to her call.

"My mail," said she, impatiently.

He lounged over the counter, reaching one arm blindly to the letter boxes as he spoke.

"And so Sandy's lef' you, ma'am.

"My mail," she said."

"Sandy was a forehanded man with craps. It's moighty tight ye bin wid him, when you drav him aff," said he, with familiar im-

pertinence.

"Sandy is a true man," said Lucy, flushing. "He went to share the dangers, as he shared the bread of his people. He would have scorned to make a profit out of their hardships. It is more than you can say of yourself, I fear, Mr. McCandless."

It provoked the wretch to a last piece of cruel impertinence. "Sure an' ye didn't see your husband's cousin, Misther John Shandy, as is come to take possission av the

estate, now poor Vicky's dead."

"You lie, McCandless," said a mild voice at variance with the words; "but, ma'am,

I am your husband's cousin."

She turned, and saw a small man with one leg much distorted, that rested on a crutch. He was sallow and homely, quite a commonlooking man, but the face, Lucy thought, was not a bad face, as he stood looking straight at her.

"I have heard my husband speak of you," she said. "What does this man mean?"

"Never mind his meaning," said he. "What he says of Victor, as well as of me, is, no doubt, false. If you will bring your mail into Mrs. McCandless's sitting-room I

will explain."

He asked her, when they were seated, if her mail contained any letter from her husband; and, being answered in the negative, he explained that there had been a great battle at Shiloh, near Pittsburg Landing, by which the enemy's advance was checked, but at the expense of a heavy loss in officers and men. A partial list of the casualties had been published, and Victor's name was not included in it; and he showed her the paper. "I am very thankful," said she, "both for the victory, and that my husband has been spared. What, then, did that man mean?"

"Oh, nothing," said he; "only it had been suggested that one name, 'W. Sanders, sergeant,' might be a misprint for 'V. Shandy,' as the former name was not remembered among the roll of the company that was

familiar to the neighborhood."

"It is true, Victor is a sergeant," said the

wife.

"Very true; but such a mistake is not probable. Sanders is a common name; the regiment has been out eighteen months or more, and has doubtless recruited much. I would be willing to bet," said he, "that it has

picked up half a dozen Sanders in that time, and this poor fellow is one of them. It would be a very morbid feeling, ma'am, from the very list that assures you that your husband is not hurt, to infer that he actually has been killed."

In this way, reasoning and explaining, he

assured the wife, till she was happy.

"Come," said she, "you must go with me to 'The Bucks,' and explain this to his mother as kindly as you have to me, and then dine with me at Malvoisee. Victor used to talk a great deal of you, and I almost seem to know you well."

## CHAPTER III

A S the two, Lucy and her cousin, came through the shop, McCandless half lounged over the counter, and leered, mocking, at the contrasted couple; she was so straight, slender, and graceful; and he so deformed and ungainly, as he labored and rattled on his crutch at her side.

"A purty sight to see pride have a fall, and fast Lou Longfrank with no beau but a damn lame fiddler," said the storekeeper, as they passed out to the carriage. It was gross and offensive. John Shandy, after assisting his cousin into her carriage, had

turned, when she spoke.

"Come in," she said; "you are to go with me to ma, you know. Never mind that wretch. La! do you think I would break my parasol at Mrs. McCandless's poodle,—it is an ugly little vermin, and so is he,—because it barks at me? Remember Dr. Watts's

'Let dogs delight to bark and bite: It is their nature to.'"

"And — and," hesitated he, "these poor limbs were never made to tear his eyes, but

I think my heart is ready to wish it."

"Oh, yes, come on; and we'll wish him all to pieces, if you like! No harm in that, I hope. But seeing ma is the first thing."

"Yes," said he, following; "that is first. We will go." And he followed her. The subject was not immediately dropped after they drove off, and he, hesitatingly, referred to his lameness, upon which McCandless had presumed.

"Very like," said she; "I didn't think of that." And the remark soothed and pleased

him.

One of the most painful reflections to the deformed must be the thought that their defect is in the mind of others with them; and so Lucy's casual rejoinder was pleasant to him. In the store, old Mr. Sambre, who had

followed Lucy to the post office, spoke a word

of caution.

"Now you've done been gone done

"Done what?" said McCandless.

"Jist sowed a crap o' hell-fire in the best sile in —— County, 'I reckon," replied the old man.

"What, that gal? Divil a bit do I care,"

said McCandless.

"Mebbe not," said the other; "but 'tain't the gal this time. Them Shandys is gunpowder. Mighty cool and shiny ef you let 'em alone, but a spark sets 'em all off."

"What, the lame fiddler? I'd straighten his cruked leg aisier than moy little finger," said the storekeeper, contemptuously.

"Yes, an' git a mahogany bedstead in a doing of it," said Sambre. And with this

figurative description of our last narrow

couch, the conversation closed.

But John Shandy did not dine at Malvoisee that day. He went to his humble apartments, and, after writing some letters, he sat and thought. That day a lady had been grossly insulted in his presence and through him, and he had suffered the insult to pass unrebuked. He wished now he had spoken in reply; the matter might have ended in words, but it was too late for that. It was hard that this should come upon him. He had never felt his physical defects so keenly. His life, as he reviewed it, had been one of trial, but nothing like this. His new cousin was so kind to him, and her cool, fresh voice like water brooks in a dry and thirsty land. Others of her sex had been kind; they were all kind in their way; but the way was out of pity for his lameness, and because he was something different and less than other men. Lucy had been kind, forgetful of his physical defects, and because she seemed to regard him as one different and better than his kind; something near to herself, and to be cherished accordingly. And this one woman of all the world had been repeatedly, and at last brutally, insulted in his presence, and by a reflection that aspersed his manhood.

He took a pistol from his trunk, cleaned and oiled it, and then reloaded it carefully, after trying the lock. He then sent out and got a bottle of liquor, of which he drank once, as a

feverish man drinks water. He then dressed himself with great care, and sat down to think. His thoughts were very, very painful, for he soon lay on the bed crying like a child; but he arose afterwards, resolved.

He was about to leave the room, when his violin case caught his eye. He turned back, and taking the instrument tenderly as if he loved it, he began to play. An inspiration, such as musicians will recognize as coming strangely at times, was upon him, and the strings yielded a soft, bugle-like melody, so low and sweet, to his wish. Dear old farewell airs, suggested less, he thought, by himself than the violin, came marvelously to him, though he had not played them before for years. The music wailed and sobbed, and clung like a child to the bow and strings, as if loath to part. He heard the whispering voices of little children at the door, listening to the low, charmed melody, and he remembered his own sad, solitary childhood. Then the tender violin seemed to whisper rebukingly its early love and companionship. Yes, it had been his only friend, his only adviser, his only comforter. He remembered when his small hand could scarcely enclose the neck and finger the strings, and how he had struggled and toiled to learn that mysterious language, the melodious tongue spoken in the violin. He had learned it; and he and the old violin, growing sweeter in companionship as the years rolled on, had talked many whispered secrets together, in the sweet, sad times. But it would never be so again; and the violin wailed its sorrow with unspeakable tenderness. He tried again and again to put it down, but again and again the pleading old love conquered, in increasing melody. But it must be done. This violin was to him a pure, angelic spirit. It was the voice of innocence out of the heavens, enclosed in the dry wood and tender strings. He might do what he was resolved to do, what he knew he had to do, but he could not return and lay his stained

hand upon his violin again.

It was with a great effort he ceased, and, beginning at the treble, turned and stretched each string till it snapped with ringing jar; and, laying the violin in its case, like a poor babe in its little coffin, he burst into a passion of tears. All was over. All ties to the past were broken with the sweet strings, and the future purpose was fixed. He gave a lingering look at the room and its furniture. He felt that, though he should see it a thousand times hereafter, it would never again look to him as now; never as it had looked to him in the past. His life there had not been happy, but it made him inexpressibly sad to know that he was parting with that life forever.

Strange to say, in all these meditations over what he was resolved to do, and its consequences, no thought of danger to himself had occurred to him. Weak, deformed, and unused to events requiring prompt and decisive action, and with an impossibly chivalrous conduct for his guidance, planned beforehand, the thought of any fatal result to himself never crossed his mind. Under these influences, therefore, he paused once more, pistol in hand, at the door, and looked back. It was

John Shandy's farewell to his old life.

He crossed the street, walking straight to McCandless's door. The bully stood on the stoop, but turned hastily and went in, as he saw the lame man, and passed round the counter to his desk. By it stood his double-barreled gun, heavily loaded. His hand was on it, but Shandy spoke: "You scoundrel, do you insult a lady?" And the pistol cracked, McCandless dropped, and a crowd rushed around. John Shandy surrendered, and was held in custody, waiting the result of the wound, reported critical and very dangerous. In the mean while Lucy unconscious of

In the mean while, Lucy, unconscious of the desperate resolution taken by the lame man, thought only of his kindness to her. "Just like Victor," she said to herself, "and his voice is like Victor's; just that pitch of pliant, watchful tenderness, as if it had been schooled in soothing little children, and yet the words so calm, wise, and firm, so cool and reasonable. It would have been hard to receive the mean stab of that wretch Mc-Candless, had not he been there." And then she thought indignantly of the offensive manner and last studied insult of the storekeeper,

and, clinching her little hands, she thought

of her absent protector.

Then, at the moment, she heard the news that she was avenged. It shocked her. It seemed as if some evil power had granted the last wicked wish in her mind; and then she thought of her avenger less kindly than before he did this deed, or than if it had been undone. Still she thought of him, and remembered that duty, perhaps, required something of her. She went to her mother, Mrs. Shandy, and the two visited the prisoner.

As McCandless recovered, Shandy was admitted to bail, on the bond of his aunt and cousin, and was free, but not the same man as before. He had received a great shock and kept aloof more than ever. When his cousin saw it, she endeavored to comfort and cheer him, but he remained silent and

depressed.

But a sorrow was coming to his comforter. John Shandy one day recognized an old schoolmate in a disabled soldier, and inquired the

news.

"Nothing since Shiloh," said he. "I suppose you heard of your cousin Victor's death. Poor fellow! he got his lieutenancy the day before he fell."

"Victor dead! I will not believe it," said

John Shandy.

"He's dead, all the same. I saw him. We fell together. I left this other fellow," pointing to his leg, "and poor Vic got a charge o'

grape right here," pointing to his breast, said the soldier.

"Was he killed instantly?" asked Shandy.

"Well, no; we fell near together, I said. He sent some words of love and that sort of thing to his wife, and then went off. Indeed, I can't say I saw him die, exactly, for this cursed bone was grinding me, and I sort o' fainted; but that was the last o' him," was the reply.

"Poor Vic! and have you told his wife?"

said Shandy.

"Ne'er a time, at least not yet; want you

to go 'long and sort o' reinforce me. It's a bad job," said the other.

"No," said John, "you must go. It is better. She has been very good to me, and it will break her heart. I may see aunt, and

break it to her. That is bad enough."

Poor Lucy! To lose the beloved in the waning years is hard; but then the comfort is in the brief separation. One has only gone before to prepare a place for the other that will soon come. But to lose such in the green and bourgeon of wedded life is the fulness of woe. She thought of her youth and vigor pityingly, as another might lament old age and feebleness. It must be so long, so long before she saw him again. But yesterday, she vainly thought, she was living for him, and all she did was for him; but now, her work was done! If it only could be for an instant; if she could only close his eyes, and perform the last

offices of love for him, that would be sweet; but she could do nothing for him any more.

It was all done now, and ended.

Yesterday, and for him, she loved this life with its hardships and trials, for it was Victor's life. She had loved to adorn her person and cherish it for his sake. Now it wearied her. This corporeal frame had been her servant, to do her will, to please her husband. had loved its beauty, and cherished and cultivated its endowments, for his sake. Now this servant had become her terrible master. It willed for her to live, and she lived. willed for her to toil and suffer, and she toiled and suffered unrewarded. Nothing she did was for herself; nothing she ever did hereafter could be for herself; all was for this stern, relentless body. It made her live, when she would be away and at rest. It made her toil and plan and suffer; it hungered and thirsted; it froze and burned; it was never satisfied. She came to think of it as her deadly enemy; cruel, relentless, and persecuting, fastened upon her by chains she dared not break. She prayed to be released from it; prayed also, poor child, that she might be able to see God's love still shining from His cross. We will not doubt the Comforter came.

A second sorrow, for a time, did her good, in raising her out of the selfishness of grief. Poor Mrs. Shandy, Victor's mother, did not long survive the shock of her son's death. She lived to bless her daughter and her

nephew, at her bedside, and, smiling recognition of the loved in heaven, she passed away

and was at peace.

After his aunt's funeral, John Shandy, oppressed with his own sorrows, and driven by the sordid cares of earning a hard living, kept away from the widow, his cousin. She had borne up well in the care of her motherin law, and John Shandy was unaware of the extent of her dejection. He chanced, however, to meet the village physician, and learned with a shock of her condition.

"Does she talk much," at last Shandy asked, "I mean about Victor?"

"Victor? oh! ah! yes! No, that topic is forbidden. It is dwelling upon that which saps her vital energies. Possibly we cannot minister to a mind diseased; but avoiding injurious topics, we can afford the light, cheerful food of gossip, the news of the day, and so enable the mind to achieve its own cure."

"Throw physic to the dogs," muttered John Shandy, as he thought of the doctors talking gossip and twaddle to such a patient, and he hobbled off.

Black Lucy,\* the maid of the poor little

<sup>\*</sup>It was amusing, on a large plantation, to observe the curious cognomens arising from the habit of the negroes of naming their offspring after a favorite in the planter's family. There would be, for example, a "Black Lucy," "Yellow Lucy," "Jane Lucy," "Sarah's Lucy," and so ad infinitum. But this was more amusing when a "Little Jim" stood before you, six feet and over, and heavy in proportion.

widow, admitted him. "How is your mis-

tress?" asked John Shandv.

"Lord! Mass John, she's jis a peekin' and a pinin' away; dat she is!" answered the maid.

"Does she talk much about her husband?"

he asked.

"'Bout Mass Vic; bress de Lord, no! Doctor done said not. She jis lay on de bed alookin' and alookin' at Mass Vic's picter oba de mankel-shel all de time"; and so leading to the sitting-room, she announced, "Mass John done come."

Lucy was lying on a little sociable, or sofa, as he entered. She rose to meet him, and spoke indifferent words of welcome. She had thought of John Shandy, in an idle way, in her grief, even wondering that, as her husband's nearest relative, he had not come to her. With the curious selfishness of sorrow, she had even taken a little comfort in the thought that he had deserted her. Grief does so like to multiply and isolate itself sometimes. But now he had come and was welcome.

He gradually and easily led the conversation to Victor Shandy, bringing up reminiscences of his school days and his generosity and kindness. Then he told of his earlier manhood and struggles, and how bravely he had faced misfortune and borne it down. He spoke of his love for his mother, and finally of his love and devotion to Lucy. Her memory and her love responded in the story of his enlistment, and of his generous love. So the two twined threads of tender recollection around the gallantry and gentleness of the dead; and when the thought of the noble close of that brief precious life was reached, Lucy could whisper of it,

"It is not all of life to live, Nor all of death to die."

She realized how rich she was in having won so precious a love, and worn it, and she was comforted. When John Shandy arose to go she thanked him, expressing her gratitude in few and simple words. She asked him to remain, at least a few days, and act for her on the farm. He consented, and finally it was settled that he was to live at "The Bucks," which place, Lucy, backed by her lawyer, declared to be his. On this point he resisted, but Victor's death preceding his mother's, the estate had never vested in Victor, but had gone directly to John Shandy. So John Shandy took "The Bucks," and assisted in the management of both places.

## CHAPTER IV

YEAR with its alleviations passed slowly over the two in their new relations, adjusting them in their habits and peculiarities, each to the other. widow felt that John Shandy's presence was under the providential will of Him who cares for the widow; and John Shandy acknowledged a growth and purpose in life that made it valuable. A very dear secret had formed itself slowly in his heart, and diffused its delicious poison over the feeble frame of the lame man; but he never spoke of it or hinted it to a creature in the world, not even to the long-neglected violin. If it was known at all, it was marred; if it was told to one other, it was converted into a pain. It was his own and only his, and of its existence the widow was as unconscious as are the living of the good angels guarding them.

One morning these two were in consultation, when Black Lucy announced in customary phrase, "Miss Lucy, de sogeas done come."

It proved to be an agent of the Confederate government, levying the cotton loan. When Lucy understood, she said, "Mr. Shandy will wait upon you; take what you please, or all, if you please, and God prosper the cause that has the widow's offering."

Others were not so liberal. McCandless, defeated in the prosecution of John Shandy, had gone on prospering in other affairs, as such men did during the war. He now owned one or two large plantations, and had a large stock of cotton on hand, collected in his business. He tried various artifices to escape the levy, but to no purpose.

"I am a subject of Quane Victory's," said he, as if the name of that mighty potentate

was enough.

"Confound 'Quane Victory,' she's been a little too much on the other side. We don't want you, but the cotton." And the cotton he would have; and it was duly taken and placed under a small guard for removal the following week.

McCandless, however, did not give up so readily. It is supposed, from events, that he betrayed the seizure to the Federal forces hovering near, and also that he sought, at the same time, other revenges on those he

hated.

A few nights later Lucy was wakened by a loud knocking, and Lucy, her maid, entered and said, "Bress de Lord, miss, de Yankees done come." These were visitors that would not take denial. She rose and went to the small drawing-room. A soldier in blue entered and bowed, speaking at once, coldly and clearly: "My name is E—. I am an officer in the Union Army, detailed to protect the seizure of certain confiscated cotton on

your premises. I have taken your teams, and employed your farm hands in its removal. It is also my painful duty to arrest one John Shandy, a Rebel spy, harbored or concealed about these premises."

"Did you arouse me, sir, to tell me you had robbed me of my cotton, stock, and slaves, and intended to murder my cousin?" said the

widow, coldly.

"I waked you to let you know my duty so far as it affected you. Deliver up the spy, and it may be in your favor at headquarters," said he.

"I reject your bribe; do your worst," said

she, stoutly.

The officer turned to the maid, that stood looking ashy pale at the scene. "Where is John Shandy?" he asked, sharply.

"Don't you tell," said Lucy to her.

"Lord, miss, how'd I know, ef he ain't down at De Bucks," stammered the maid.

"We will find him," said the officer; and, as Lucy prayerfully hoped he would not, she heard the threats of the soldiery, as they searched, to hang her cousin at her door porch. She would have spoken again bitterly, but just then, rising over the tramp of feet and the shouting, she heard the musical droll of a fiddle, and an irresistibly comical voice singing,—

"He who hath any peanuts
And giveth his neighbor none,
Sha' n't have none o' my peanuts
When his peanuts are gone."

And the violin drolly re-echoed "pea-ea-eanuts," in mocking treble. The house shook with the shouts and laughter of the delighted soldiery. As the violinist entered the room his instrument concluded with the long yawn and dissatisfied growl of a person newly aroused.

"Humph!" said the officer, trying to appear grave amid the clamor, and looking at the player's feet. "We have got the devil here, hoofs and all; who else are you, sir? Come, you seem to be a jolly dog. What's this McCandless has told about you? You don't look like a dangerous spy, at all events," said the officer.

An explanation followed; and the officer remained for some time, and John Shandy touched his violin in a different strain. Such sweet old airs as "Bonnie Doon," the "Braes of Balquhidder," "Dumbarton's Belle," and "Annie Laurie," softened the heart towards the singer. "Let me speak to Mrs. Shandy a moment," said the officer; and, when Shandy had left the room, he added, "This is a bad business. I don't like it. It will not hurt Shandy. I will take care of that, but it will cost him some trouble. Of course, I must put him in custody as soon as he returns."

Lucy smiled and said nothing; but I think she and the Federal soldier had one thought in common,— that John Shandy would not fall in the way again that night. It vexed her, therefore, to meet her cousin, after the officer had gone out. "What are you doing here?" she said. "Why don't you go?" He replied, "Go! where am I to go? I

He replied, "Go! where am I to go? I heard, down in the village, of your danger, and I came. I must stay till it is over." He did stay, but the party left without seeing him

again. Perhaps purposely.

She censured his rashness the next morning, and more when she understood that he had information at the time of bribes and whiskey given by McCandless to the men, to inflame them to execute him at her door. "You might have been killed, and what could I do without you?" she said, piteously.

The words thrilled him inexpressibly. Nor was his devotion lost upon Lucy. He was so brave, so rash, and yet so ready in resource; his violin, so long neglected, had doubtless saved him. But there were other matters to

demand attention.

It was found, the next morning, that a great part of the able-bodied slaves had gone off with the Federal soldiers. Part of the teams were taken, but with what remained, and the negroes, Lucy and John Shandy thought they could still manage to save the crop. It was the first shock of the battery against the "peculiar institution," and it was felt severely there as elsewhere; the first crumbling of that huge fabric whose ruin crushed, for a time, beneath its weight, the energy and productive wealth of the South.

But the disorder among the slaves was not the only evil of this period. A bandit of the neighborhood had spread a terror that the false security of a home-guard company had increased. This holiday troop, having feasted and frolicked as "our defenders," and having been petted by the girls, who, poor creatures, in the absence of the real article, were fain to amuse themselves playing with these wooden soldiers, was one day bagged by the bandit, and ridiculously paroled "not to take up arms." After this, the violence and terror increased until John Shandy could bear it no more, and set out for the nearest Confederate military post to obtain efficient protection.

Very many things of another character had occurred to try John Shandy's spirit at this time. While his fair mistress did not absolutely "go into society," she began to receive attentions. Sturdy widowers came and talked crops and the difficulty of conducting a plantation without proper female guidance. Gay Confederate soldiers at home on leave courted her desperately, with professional audacity, for twenty-four hours on a stretch. Lucy would say, after such visits, how wretched she was, and do a sort of "hour's penance" before poor Victor Shandy's picture. One day the maid rebuked her in this way:—
"Why is you wretched? You's got every-

"Why is you wretched? You's got everything. Everybody jis say, Poor Lucy! 'cause Mass Vic done gone and got hisself shot, and dey all fusses oba you. I think I'se a heap

wretcheder." And the maid mightily bemoaned herself.

"You!" said Lucy, opening her eyes, "why, what makes you wretched?"
"All 'cause o' dat nigger Floyd went off wid Mass Vic," said the girl.

"Floyd! Victor's servant! Why, he is not

killed too, is he?" asked the mistress.

"No, miss, and dat's jis what's de matter. Ef Floyd done got hisself killed, everybody'd say, 'See dat po' brack chile! Her beau done got hisself shot,' and de wimmen, and de brack genelem too, be a-comin' mighty sorry for dis po' gal. But now, Lord bress ye! dev say, 'See dat little nigga mopin' da, jis 'cause Mass Vic's Floyd done gone off an' lef' her, an' got married to some white gal up Norf.'" And the maid sobbed with honest vexation.

"You needn't fear," said Lucy, "the Northern ladies are very far from marrying

one of your color."

"Yes," sobbed the maid, "but dem niggas ses it all de same. Bet dat nigga Floyd done

run de fus' gun," she added fiercely.

Lucy slightly modified her conduct after this. She no longer received suitors as such; but her pastor began to be particular in his attentions, the gossips said. This was the Mr. Melden mentioned in one of Lucy's letters. He was a quiet, scholarly young man, living with his widowed mother in the village parsonage. He had been driven from New

Orleans, and had found his way to this quiet retreat. As an accomplished, though rather pedantic student, but more especially as her pastor, he was made welcome to Lucy's house and table, and many a symposium was spread for him. His mother sometimes accompanied him, and quiet tea drinkings took place, at which there was some serious lovemaking of a very proper character.

One of these pleasant repasts was suddenly interrupted by a shocking occurrence of imminent peril to the pretty widow, as well as to her serious lover. They were just seated and the usual grace pronounced, when there came a violent knocking, and the maid burst in, pale as ashes. "Lord! miss," she screamed, "dem debbils done come."

No need of further announcement. A stalwart ruffian, girt with pistols, stood in the door.\*

\*A villain capable of the acts narrated in the text operated, in Lower and Middle Mississippi, during the war, and actually captured and paroled a local guard, raised to repress his outrages. He was finally captured with his band by Major O. P. Preston, C. S. A. That gallant and wary officer avoided the imprudent snare furnished by the planters, which betrayed the unlucky local guard, by remaining in camp, steadfastly declining the hospitalities of the neighborhood, and pursuing the search through active and trusted scouts. In a few days two of these reported the discovery of the outlaw's retreat, in the dense thicket of a canebrake, approachable by secret paths, known only to the outlaws. These had been discovered and threaded by the scouts, and by dawn, under their guidance, the Major and his men penetrated the secluded recesses of the jungle, and surprised the banditti, plunged in the lethargy sequent upon debauch. The Confederate laid his hand upon the throat of their leader, Price, as he lay with his concubines, his adjacent arms having been removed. The bandit's only remark, with an oath, on discovery of the situation, was, "Well, by ——, you got me."

"Sorry I'm so dern late; knowed I was expected to grub too. Oh, don't mind me, I ain't pertickler who I eats with! Jack, straighten that thar fellow, he's a fallin' off'n his cheer."

Mr. Melden looked scared, and drew back. Lucy looked cold and pale. "What does

this mean?" she asked.

"Hell!" said he, briefly; "coffee, marm,

and git out your liquor."

Lucy rose from the table. "Stop right thar; dursn't move out'n your tracks," said the

bandit, rising.

She attempted to escape. He caught her in his rude arms, and pressed her lips with coarse, hot kisses. "Mr. Melden," she screamed, "are you a man?"

"I—I am a minister of the gospel. God

"I—I am a minister of the gospel. God alone can deliver us from this peril," said the startled priest. But Lucy at last broke away

and fled.

"By Joe, she's a game one. Jack, lock that outer door. She's safe now, I reckon," said the ruffian. "Gal," to the colored girl, "go in to your missis, an' fix her up; she's goin' to git married. I've come a purpose, an' so's the preacher here." Then a scene took place between the minister and the bandit; the one swearing the other should perform a sort of ceremony over his horrid purpose; and the other, who had recovered his firmness, refusing, amid the coarse jests of the ruffians, and the frantic cries and ap-

peals of the mother. The bandit persisted, swearing he "had had handmaids, like them patriarchs Jacob and Joseph and them," but now he was going to have a wife, "ef it was only to settle down, after fightin' and fun was over, and be a honest man."

This contest gave our heroine time. At first she was paralyzed with terror, and her

womanly horror of the man.

"Lucy," she said to her maid, when she understood his purpose, "what shall we do?

We must escape from this place."

"De Lord knows how! Dis door done locked; dey's all in de dinin'-room, and dey ain't no udder," said the scared negress.

ain't no udder," said the scared negress.
"Stay," said Lucy, "the Lord will provide." And she opened a third door, and

went in, the maid following.

The house was originally constructed on the usual plan of Southern country houses, with a gallery in front, on which a small room had been closed in. This, in her schooldays, had been Lucy's room; but the random addition of other apartments had made it superfluous as a chamber, and, for convenience, it had been converted into a clothes-room. The walls were hung with the garments of three generations. Opposite the door was a huge press, closing the window. The shutter was closed without, and likely to be overlooked; especially as the ruffians had complete information of the plan of the house and of the use to which the small room had been put. Lucy tore out the

clothing, and shook the loose, thin backing of the press, till it fell out, to one side. There was no sash, and the half-rotted shutter yielded to a steady push. Lucy peeped out. A large live oak obscured the opening, and the figures, plainly visible by the torches that blinded the bearers, were distinctly to be seen. "Fasten the outer and inner door, while I get two cloaks. Throw them out, now be quiet." And the two were without.

The torches of the ruffians were an advantage. Avoiding the light, they reached the garden. "Where shall we go now?" said Lucy; "I see a sentinel on the road above and below, and even one on the spring walk."

and below, and even one on the spring walk."

"Lord! miss, why d'n't I think," said the maid, excitedly, "we's safe; come dissa way."

"Where are you going?" asked Lucy,

following.

"Bress de Lord, jes to think, I's been here a many a time when de niggas used to run away, totin' 'em vittles," said the maid,

hurrving on.

"You, Lucy?" But it was no time to discuss the fugitive-slave question. The way was rough; through oak scrub and palmetto brush, and gradually descending. The earth grew moist under foot; and then the water rose over their shoes, over their ankles, up to their knees. Then the ground ascended a little, and they got among tangled jasmine vines and green brier; they stumbled over the cypress knees, the foliage getting heavier and

denser; and the long drapery of Spanish moss hung lower and lower, trailing the ground from the boughs above. They turned, and, with eyes used to the gloom, discovered themselves to be in a sort of hut, roofed with the broad fans of palmetto.

The maid, whose evening task of lighting lamps supplied her with matches, lighted a small fire of dried leaves and tinder. The girls sat trembling, hearing in the distance the shouts of the bandits. "Aren't you afraid the light will betray us?" asked Lucy.

"Lord, no! dey ain't nuffin kin fine us but dogs; and Massa Earle\* done kill all dem," said the girl.

\*Earle was a gallant and daring officer belonging to the provost marshal's cavalry division of the United States Army, operating in the counties lying around New Orleans. He was of Scotch parentage, the son of a commission merchant of that city, and gave an earnest and active support to the Federal cause. His feats, as narrated to the writer by a valiant adversary in the Confederate Army, would read like the prowess of the pristine days of chivalry. Having at his command a small steamer, he moved with rapidity, and, hearing of detachments of Confederate troops within his reach and compass, he would land and burst upon them with all the vigor of freshness and surprise. Although much employed in the seizure of cotton, he coveted and sought the renown due to bold and martial deeds. One of these was a charge, with only twelve men, on Colonel Griffin's Battalion, C. S. A., lying in camp in Claiborne County, opposite Rodney, Mississippi. A vigorous pursuit by the whole command resulted, and Earle was, with difficulty, headed off and captured in a lane. Sent in charge of a squad to the provost marshal, he escaped on the way. But the following morning two of his pursuers came upon him breakfasting at a farmhouse. Earle started to his feet as they entered, and, interposing a young lady attending between him and the guns of his pursuers, he made his escape. Dogs having been put upon his track, he was retaken, and upon this occasion he adopted the resolution that resulted in the circumstance mentioned in the text, and so faithfully kept the vow, after

"That is true; I never expected to be glad that poor Tray and Blanche were shot," said

Lucy, thankfully.

They sat for some time, and the night slowly waned. At length Lucy said with a yawn, "Are you sure we're safe, Lucy? Do you know, I'm right down sleepy."
"Dar's de bed," said the maid, pointing to a

low couch of Spanish moss in one corner;

"jis wrap up in ole mas'r's cloak. Lord, miss, you's jis as safe as — as — "
"Don't say Lord always, Lucy," said her mistress. "When you don't say it in prayer, it sounds like - like it was in something else." And with this characteristic admonition, the tired little widow fell asleep.

his escape, that for a region of two hundred miles the bark of a

dog became as rare as the wolf's howl.

Sent with a double guard to the provost marshal's he accepted parole for the town of Clinton, but, his delivery at Richmond having been ordered, he jumped from the train between Branden and Meridian, Mississippi, and made his escape, to renew his activity and put in execution his resolution. At last he met a soldier's death in the town of Fayette, Jefferson County, Mississippi. He had heard of the presence of a rival Confederate partisan therein, and charged the town. His rival, Sergeant Smith, was there with a comrade, who fled. Smith awaited the charge, behind a street corner, and fired as Earle rode down. The latter fell, and his command scattered. He was conveyed to a neighboring house, and lingered till evening, when the bold life closed, and he was laid to rest under the flowers of a little garden by his kindly enemies, enemies no more. Earle was about five feet, ten inches in height, of sandy hair and complexion, and wore beard and mustache of like hue. His eyes were small and gray.

## CHAPTER V

ISTRESS and maid both slept, but when the gray of morning came, they were up, anxious and observant.

"Did you hear or see anything, Lucy, after I

went to sleep?" asked the widow.

"Seed de fire; yond' 'tis now. See de red? Spec dey done burnt de barn," said the colored girl.

"No! it is more likely the house. Well, let it go. I am very thankful. Can we go out

now, do you think?" said Lucy.

"S'pos'n' I see," said the maid; but going, she soon returned with news that the figures and horses of the ruffians were still to be seen in the yard and grounds. It was twelve o'clock before they ventured cautiously out, and, avoiding the smoking ruins of Malvoisee, Lucy's dwelling, sought shelter at the Bucks, the Shandy place. They were very hungry, and, while the maid rummaged about for food and cooking vessels in a bachelor's kitchen, Lucy strolled into her mother's old room. It was used apparently as a bedroom. There were pantaloons slung over the bedpost, a boot and some old crutches in one corner, a violin case on a table, and above the mantelpiece a small, vigorous sketch of a female Lucy took it to the light. It was the

face of a middle-aged lady with a mild, sweet face, that must have been very pretty once, and was lovely even now. She placed it carefully back in its place, and then, a-tiptoe, opened the violin case. Loose papers were scattered over the instrument, and she picked up one sheet. It was the commencement of some verses,—love verses, too. does John Shandy write love verses to?" she asked herself, when her eye caught some-thing that looked as if it might be another sketch. She picked the papers up, for there were several, and stepped smiling to the light. She started. It was her own fair face; there was no mistaking it. "The eyes are too large," said Lucy to herself, softly, "and the lashes too long, and it is altogether too pretty, but - " But she felt there might have been a time when she looked like that. How did John Shandy see it? Had he eyes to see what might have been behind what was? She looked further, they were all the same. She blushed, for she had a thought that she knew to whom John Shandy wrote love verses. But a familiar and irregular step startled her, and she hastily restored the sketches. It was John Shandy, she knew, and she waited a moment to recover her composure. She heard him enter the adjoining chamber and throw himself into a chair, crying in agony, "O my darling, my darling, why did I go away, why did I leave you!" and then bursting into threats of vengeance on the bandit that made

her tremble. It would not do to meet him now. Black Lucy must first break the news of her safety, and she stole out of the room. After the good news was conveyed to him, they met, and the propriety of that meeting would have pleased even your fastidious taste, madam.

Lucy resolved upon a line of affectionate, sisterly conduct towards John Shandy after this; but there are some wilful men, not subject to the most wisely planned treatment. John Shandy was one of these, and Lucy's notable plan for his peace and happiness fell through. He brought her, a few days later, the news of the capture of the bandit and his gang by the officer detailed, at his request, for the purpose, and things resumed their old way.

Mr. Melden came back, and Mrs. Melden came back. The mother's account of her son's valor and sufferings in Lucy's behalf was positive eloquence, and Lucy spoke her little speeches of gratitude; she was very good at little speeches, and the tea fights went on, as usual. It vexed John Shandy, and he spoke about it in a way that irritated the little widow. She "didn't care what the gossips said"; was she to be deprived of the comforts of religion, and the society of that good man, her preserver? She was her own mistress; widowhood, she said, with tears in her eyes, gave her at least that privilege for all it had taken, and she would do as she pleased. So John Shandy left her, believing she would finally marry the Rev. Mr. Melden.

The preacher was in love,—the mildest infantile form of the pleasing epidemic; but still he had it. "I do think, mother," he had said,—"I do think she prefers me. I've half

a notion to speak."

"Make it a whole notion," said the mother stoutly. "Of course, she's got to marry somebody, and who else is there for her to prefer? Of course, she's got to marry," persisted the widow, indignantly, for she too had been a widow and had married a second time, and she regarded Lucy's continued widowhood as rank treason to a pet theory of her own. This was, that widows must marry. Maids might remain single, but it was the first duty of widowhood, she had chapter and verse for it, to be comforted, and how else could they be comforted? It would be wicked to refuse, and she did not think Lucy was wicked.

So Mrs. Melden would not take tea with her "sweet little friend" that evening, but prayerfully commended her son to Lucy's hospitable care; and her son had a duty to perform he only half liked. He was pledged to make premeditated love, a task hard enough to a braver man. He brought it in awkwardly, though he thought very skilfully, by reference to her recent danger, and having at last spoken his mind, got a mild and humble refusal. He persisted, until Lucy replied to a shaft from the maternal quiver, on the duty of marriage: "If I must marry, I will marry a man, and a brave man, like poor Victor."

"Good heavens! Mrs. Shandy, I will not speak of my own courage, but you heard what my mother said," answered he.

"Yes," said she, "but I have thought more of what you said. When I called to you, in the hands of that wretch, you replied that you were a minister of the gospel. As I said, if I must marry, I want a man for a husband. Had there been in your place even poor John Shandy ——"

But she was not allowed to express an opinion of what her cousin would have done

under the circumstances.

"John Shandy!" said the preacher; "why, you do not compare me to that lame man?"
"No," said Lucy, "I never saw but one man to compare to John Shandy,—my hus-

band, his cousin Victor."

"Then you are going to marry John Shandy?" said the mortified suitor, indignantly.

"That is just what is none of your business," said the little widow, plumply. "I will be glad to see you as a friend or pastor, but never come to me as you have done this evening, or

to renew this subject."

The Rev. Mr. Melden was suppressed; and Lucy had offended and convinced each of two rivals that she intended to marry the other. Mrs. Melden had charge of this new piece of gossip, and managed it skilfully. "John Shandy was a dissipated little cripple, and almost a MURDERER for that wicked woman, and now she was going to marry him! Well, perhaps it was the best thing she could do. Leon," she added, thankfully, "had

escaped her toils providentially."

While these events occurred something was told to John Shandy that greatly excited and disturbed him. The soldier who had brought the news of poor Victor Shandy's last words was clerking for McCandless at the village store. This had kept him apart from John Shandy, but they were old schoolmates, and sometimes met. On a late occasion the veteran referred to the prevailing rumor in the village.

"Well, Tirs," said he, borrowing a nickname from a pleasant old book now almost out

of date, "how's the Widow Wadman?"

"Dry up that," said Shandy.

"Oh, I'm agreeable! Poor Vic. I wonder how he'd like it," said the soldier, not at all

agreeably.

"Poor Victor," repeated Shandy, trying to change the conversation. "It was strange, that misprint of 'W. Sanders' for 'V. Shandy,'

in the list of killed."

"Never saw it," said the other, curtly, "knew Bill Sanders, though; tall fellow, red hair, but gamy, eh! Salty, very. Why, now I think, Bill was shot at the same place, but not the same day; me an' Vic was knocked over next day."

"Why, was there a' W. Sanders' in Victor's company, a sergeant? None of us knew it!"

exclaimed John Shandy, excitedly.

"Of course not; joined us at Vicksburg, I

told you; a regular fire-eater," said the soldier.
"No! you did not tell me," said Shandy.
"Did you see Victor after his death?" he

inquired.

"How could I?" was the reply; "fainted, and, when I come to, sawbones had me, taking off this other fellow." And he kicked up the footless stump.

"Then Victor may be alive yet," said Shandy. "Was his name in the list of

killed, do you know?" he asked.

"Hardly; never saw no list; just pegged off home, soon as I could toddle," said the soldier.

"But, Bob," urged Shandy, "then he may be alive yet. It is possible for him to be alive,

vou know."

"Yes, if a man can live with a gallon of grapeshot in his body. Ugh! he was mashed all to pieces. Oh, he's dead, poor fellow, you bet! Besides, you never heard from him

since," said the veteran.
"That certainly does look like you are right. But there was a negro boy, Floyd, went with Victor, and he has never come back,"

said Shandy.

"A nigga. Oh, they petered out fust fiah!

That's no sign," said the veteran.
"Yes," urged Shandy, "but when they petered out, they petered back home. The blacks do that more than the whites. This one may have stayed, and taken up his master."

"Not likely, not at all likely," said the soldier, familiar with the negro character. "Poor Vick's drawn his last ration. No doubt of her being a widow, if that's what

you're at. Why, I heard his last words."

But John Shandy saw a doubt that excited him. "I will find it out," thought he, "if I search every battlefield." And so, leaving his companion, and cogitating the plans for a thorough investigation, he sought his fair cousin.

"Lord, Mass John," said her maid, "whar ye been all dis time? Nobody don't come now;

miss done kicked de preacher."

"Kicked the preacher!" said Shandy.
"Yes, done guv him de sack; I heered it myself. Da's miss, now," continued the maid.

"Cousin," said Shandy, "I offended you,

and you were right to rebuke me."

"Cousin John, you are the only friend and protector I have in the world, and you were right to speak as you did. But Mr. Melden is gone, and will come no more, at least as you thought he came before."

John Shandy reflected. His cousin, then, had no thought of marrying again, and there was no need of revealing his doubts, that would probably end only in renewed sorrow

and disappointment.

"Cousin," he said, "I am going to take a little trip; it may be not a little one, and I wish to know what money you have."

"Oh, heaps! Where are you going? you need some?" said Lucy.

"None for myself; let me see it," said

he.

She brought her treasures,—vouchers of the Confederate government, certificates of the cotton loan, Confederate treasury notes,

and a small sum in gold and silver.

John Shandy sighed when he saw how small a sum the last was. "I will take these," said he, referring to the notes and securities, "and try to exchange them. I have sold the sugar to Mr. Isaacs. He will pay you tomorrow, when he removes it."

He was going, but she asked, "Will you

tell me where you are going?"
"Well, no; I may be disappointed. It is a duty I alone can do," said he.

Lucy reflected. John Shandy had an only sister living in Tennessee. It must be on her account. As he did not choose to speak directly, she would inquire no more; but, meaning a kindness, she said, "Well, John, come back as soon as you can, and if you bring any one with you, you know how welcome she will be." John started. "You see I have guessed your great secret; you know I have a little bird. Well, give her my love." And then they parted for the time.

John wondered what his cousin was at, for a few moments. "Pshaw," said he, "she thinks I am going to get married." And he

dismissed the subject.

In the afternoon he handed her fifty dollars in gold, the proceeds of as many hundreds in Confederate securities. "I had to sell to McCandless," said he, "and he skinned you. Isaacs will pay you four hundred and fifty, in cash or draft, for the sugar in the morning."

She followed him out, and hung about him. Would he be sure and come back soon? She would pray for him and his speedy return. And, yes, she put up her lips and kissed him,

as he stooped from the saddle.

"Yes," thought he, "when I return I will bring you a protector or offer you one." And he was gone.

## CHAPTER VI

THE reader will understand how the months rolled into years, as these events progressed to the last annual season of a wasting war. And now the evil days drew on, and narrowed around the little widow. Her maid would announce, "Uncle Reuben and Aunt Sarah done gone;" or, "George and Lucy done gone, miss;" for her slaves were leaving her. Soon none remained but Lucy and her maid; and the crops were wasting in the fields.

She soon found she would have none to The negroes would cut down the green cane in broad day, and the worm consumed the cotton. Her purse began to want filling. Careless in expenditure from habit, she had negligently permitted the sum put in her hands by John Shandy to diminish. Still she had Mr. Isaacs's draft for four hundred and fifty dollars, and she felt easy. took it out, and observed that it was on Mc-Candless. She disliked this man exceedingly; but she admitted that he was, perhaps, the only person in the neighborhood who could honor a draft for such an amount. She prudently resolved, however, that the money itself was better than McCandless's credit, and she took advantage of an occasional visit of old Mr.

Sambre's to get the order cashed. She was explaining its purport to him, when he spoke. He "done done business that away before. McCandless must pay, or he would bring the paper back." And he left on his errand.

He soon returned. "Well, Mr. Sambre,"

said she, "did you get the money?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; no trouble about that,"

said the old man.

Lucy breathed freer as she took the package and opened it. She knew them at once by the numbers,— her own Confederate notes. She had sold them to McCandless at a cent per cent, and they came back to her dollar for dollar.

There was no redress, nothing but to sit down and endure. It was all her resources gone at one swoop. Her plantation was ruined, her money all gone. She must look out for a living. She could teach music and drawing. Nobody would learn, or could pay for such accomplishments. All Lucy's little graces were useless. She tried a little school, but her patrons could not pay. She tried, and did get a little sewing; and, yes, she assisted black Lucy at the wash tub.

One day old Mr. Sambre met the poor little woman staggering under a heavy sack. "Bless my soul, Lord bless my soul. Ma'am, gimme

that; what is it?" said he.

"It's very heavy," said Lucy; "it's potatoes. I didn't know potatoes could be so heavy. I bought them to feed Lucy and

myself, and they will last such a little while. We do eat so much!"

Another time Lucy and the black girl sat over their Lenten fare. "Tellee what, missis, I done seed a bee-tree goin' out to wash dis mornin'," said the girl.

"A bee-tree going out to wash! Why, Lu, what is that?" asked Lucy, wondering.

"I don't mean de tree; it's I'se gwine to wash, and seed de tree," said the other.

"Oh, that!" said Lucy. "Well, what of it?"

"A heap of it," answered the maid; "dat tree done chock full o' honey, ef we could git it."

"Ah!" sighed Lucy, "but how?"

"Chop down de tree; s'pos'n' le's try; honey's mighty good, even wid taters," said the other.

"Well, I am willing," said her mistress,
"but I don't know how to chop, do you?"
"Chop wood for de kitchen fire," said the

"You jes come, an' I'll show ye how." black.

They did go. They worked at the tree all morning. "How hacked and ugly it looks!" said Lucy, pausing to rest. "I do believe it's fatter than when we began. Lucy, this tree grows faster than we cut.

"No: it don't, it dursn't. I wish lightnin' done strike it," said the negress, pausing. "S'pos'in' we try ef it won't break now," she

continued, after a look.

It was very unpromising, but, with united strength, they propped up a stout sapling, and

bore against the lever with all their strength. The tree swayed and cracked. They cheered and panted and pushed, and with a cloud of dust the tree broke, not at the cut, but its rotted roots, and fell with a crash.\* Lucy sat down, exhausted as she was, and laughed till

she cried, but they got the honey.

As the season advanced cotton picking begun, and it was a harvest for this little Robinson Crusoe and her woman Friday. They were paid in kind, fifty cents on the hundred pounds, and the two earned perhaps a dollar a day. If the pay was in cotton, the country merchant skinned it, in exchange for groceries, but it was sometimes in vegetables, meat, or meal. The dealings with the store took Lucy to her old enemy McCandless in the village, and there she met with the soldier clerk, Bob Asa. Bob was kind in his way, giving Lucy shockingly partial bargains, and one day, when she was out of work, suggested that McCandless wanted cotton pickers, and paid well. "He will not see you; his overseer manages it all, and I do the paying," said he, persuasively. Lucy was reluctant, but needs must, and so she and her black companion went to the work. Bob was, for once, mistaken. That day, by accident, Mc-Candless did come out and saw the widow. Poverty had not deepened the soft lines of that delicate face, or distorted the light, active

\*This authentic incident occurred in Florida, during the war, and is related with circumstance and addition the writer does not attempt to follow.

figure. She was fair to look upon, this Ruth gleaning in the cotton, and McCandless was quite willing to enact Boaz. He was of a selfish but emotional nature, and very tender of himself over the death of his poor, hardworked wife. He began his attentions with sufficient skill. Cotton, like other natural products, is governed by the soil, and in the same field it will boll out beautifully or be sparse, according to the nourishment furnished. Observing Lucy and her companion to be toiling on the meager side of the patch, he changed them to the more luxuriant slope, but did not that day address the mistress. The next day he did refer to his late loss, similar to her own, and shed a few tears; for McCandless thought it hard to lose his wife in the harvest season, and Lucy gave the man credit for a better nature than he possessed.

He came afterwards daily and tried to get up an intimacy. The cotton picking occupied several weeks, and when it ended another task offered. The Lanfranc and Shandy sugar was famous in those old days, a brand commanding the best market. This was due to the care observed in its boiling, and the just promptitude in removing the mass from the kettles at the true granulating point. Lucy had, in her way, learned all this, and the year previous had made all the sugar of the plantation. It was conceded, by black and white, that she had no equal in this delicate operation, and McCandless desired her ser-

vices. She refused plumply at first, as it was a task requiring unintermitting attention day and night; but when McCandless proposed to wagon the cane to the Lanfranc sugar mill, still unimpaired, Lucy, with proviso and ex-

ception, consented.

She made Bob Asa her lieutenant in this work, and kept him about as a sort of guard; but he could not, nor could she, altogether keep off McCandless, who inclined more and more to the part of Boaz as this Ruth shrank from that cast for her. Good natured and coarse, he still had some of the Irish native wit and sentiment under the rough husk, and it flowered out in the reluctant sunshine of the widow's charms. As she spoke civilly and gently to him, with the courtesy of her sex and breeding, the selfish vanity of the man took hope.

The evening the work was finished it rained heavily. McCandless drove up in a handsome new close carriage, with an ugly hand sprawling over the panel, which he was kind enough to inform Lucy was the "arrums of the ould McCandless famuly." She declined, however, to be enclosed in such "arrums," and preferred walking. But he had not brought the money. "Wud the leddy jist stip in; it was as aisy as her own swate ways, to be sure," and they would "rowl down to the shtore for the cash, an' she should go home like in her own carruge, as in ould times."

Lucy was vexed. She was determined to have this money down, and it was too late

to walk. But she would not ride alone with McCandless. "Get in, Captain Asa," she said to her bodyguard, and in the Confederate stepped, very coolly and leisurely, while the Irishman looked blank at this sudden snapping

of his little network plot.

He was not a man, however, to be easily repulsed, and the same evening he called at the widow's shelter. He was refused admittance at first, but, pleading "business," at length was received. The widow stood holding by the sitting-room door, facing him, with a letter which she had, apparently, been interrupted in reading, in the other hand. It was the attitude of one who expected to answer a question or two before closing the door on the speaker, and resuming a previous, more important occupation. If it was premeditated, it was a quiet stroke of genius. It demoralized the enemy, so to speak.

He was excited. There was a purpose, not thoroughly defined, in his mind to win the widow, and on that night. He struggled against the conscious scowl growing on his face at the sight of the thoroughly defensible position, and slipped into his brogue and blarney: "Sure how can a swate crature be so crule as to shtand widh her purty fut on' his hear-rut an' her sarvent askin' her to

warrum it in his boo-som."

The enemy did not even show her colors to this assault.

"What is your business?" she said; "I am engaged."

"Sure an' that's me business; for ye to be ingaged to be marrid; to meself, I mane." He saw her face chill and harden and her nostrils quiver at this assault, and he again changed. "It's alone ye are here, loike a burred in its cage, an' it's poor ye are; the little penny is soon gone, bad luck to the same and sorra a bit more to fade thim roses an yer chakes. It wud deloight Terry Mc-Candless to presarve the same; to take the purty burred out o' the cage and set it free in his arrums, with a carruge of its own to roide in, to be sure."

"You may be jesting or drunk, sir, but this house is no place for you," said the widow,

only angry as yet.

"Divil a bit has touched my lips, barrin' a mouthful to yer health and for luck, widdy. If it's the gossoon Pathrick, sure an' he can go to the school, or to the divil, for the matther of that; and if it's manes, sure an' I'm rich, and plaze the pigs, of the war goes an, it's more the richer I'll be; spake, an' we'll have the praist at wanst. Hear to raison," he continued, pushing in as the widow drew back; "divil a bit can ye live like this; ye must marry, and bedad ye shall marry me," he said, boldly and persistently. "For betther or for wurrus, them's the wurruds; take me for luve, or bedad for hate, as you loike, but it's take me you shall." And he looked more brutal as the dark instincts of his nature grew into his face.

"Wretch! do you think me without protection? Who should know better than you that God provides an avenger for the widow? This letter is from John Shandy. He is coming. Villain, will you dare to wait till he hears of this insult?"

The animal in him quailed before the highspirited Southern beauty, threatening that fierce Southern law of personal redress whose

deadly certainty he knew.

"Be gorra, thin, marm, an' I nivir heard before it was an insult to ask a lady to marry,"

he growled, remonstrating.

"Such asking would be an insult from crowned king or ragged beggar, and from you, — your very presence has been an insult." And she slammed the door on his retreating face, bolted it, and sat down trembling with excitement.

Lucy had threatened this man with John Shandy's coming; but the letter Lucy held, though speaking of his return, did it obscurely, and set no period. She thought of this the next day, and, consulting with her maid, she resolved to offer a room to the lame soldier.

He gladly accepted the offering; and poor Bob Asa being, in this way so near such a brilliant intoxicating light, must need flicker in the flame a little, poor moth!

"Why, Captain Asa," said the indignant widow, "I am ashamed of you. I thought you were my friend. I asked you to come on

purpose, and now you must go and talk to me just like other men."

"Flanked, by George!" said the discomfited soldier. "Dog on it, Mrs. Shandy, I thought you'd like it.

"But I don't, you see. I dislike it very much; and you mustn't do so any more," said

the widow, sharply.

"Curse the luck!" said the soldier; "I thought you hankered after me. Black Lucy

told me so, anyhow."

"Black Lucy is a goose; don't you be one. You see, I don't hanker for you. I don't hanker, as you call it, for anybody. I am a sort of little Southern Confederacy that wants to be let alone, and I wanted you to be my soldier," the little widow replied.

The illustration pleased Bob, and as he promised "not to do so any more," they got

on quite contentedly for a while.

But the sure heavy weight was slowly, slowly coming down. As a man heaves a huge block up with an effort and holds it, you admire the stiffened sinews, the development of muscle in the energy of will and force bent to the elaborate task. But watch the sturdy lifter! Slight, imperceptible quivers shake the muscles; the frame quivers, the smile of triumph fades into doubt. The huge block has done nothing; has remained dumb, quiet, oppressive. It has put out no effort against that great will force, that gallant and graceful play of fibre and muscle; it just weighs and

weighs, with a silent, unalterable law, downward, downward.

So I have thought poverty sometimes lies, huge, misshapen, and ponderous, on a gallant soul. We cannot look and admire, for we see the vital force must yield to a weight beyond its strength. So, on poor Lucy the great volume of existence settled more and more heavily.

There was no more cotton picking, no more sugar making. Then the Federal Army came in. The ravages of the negroes, bad enough before, became unendurable, destructive. She had to give up her little garden; it was plundered of its vegetables before they were ripe. Her "soldier," as she had called Asa, had been forced to sacrifice his situation or to leave the widow's. Poor fellow, he too had to surrender to the burden beyond his strength. As it was inculcated industriously by their new masters that a common school education included all the moral virtues, Lucy attempted a little school among those who had been her servants. It was not Bible lessons or the pure morals of a Saviour they wanted. A, B, C, included it all, and these Lucy undertook to teach.

Let any young New England girl, just ventured from a quiet, loving home into the hard world to teach, recall that charge given her, where ignorant and vulgar patrons thought the meager sums doled out gave them a right to censure and dictate, and let her imagine the coarseness and impertinence hugely exaggerated upon a grosser ignorance, and she will realize some of poor Lucy's trials. The tuition fees were in food, the coarse food of the negroes themselves, and it was grudgingly given. It was slowly starving and slowly killing her, when black Lucy, her maid, broke it up. Lucy thanked her and lay down quietly to die.

But, teaching the blacks, she had become known to some Federal officers having to do with the same poor material; and the evening black Lucy ordered the pupils to "cl'ar out and nebber come back da no mo'," two Federal soldiers inquired for lodgings at the widow's

house.

## CHAPTER VII

UCY'S new boarders were an elderly and a young man, father and son. The elder was a grave, quiet man, having some semi-civil, semi-military duties. The son was a brisk, romping fellow of twenty-one or two, full of spirits. It amused Lucy to hear the crisp, cool syllables, so different from the broad, soft vowels and Southern intonation. He would laugh over his college scrapes, his "doing the faculty" out of his diploma by enlisting, his loves and his hates, in a perfectly frank, humorous manner, willing indifferently to be laughed with or laughed at, so she laughed. He would tell how his father enlisted "just to be near him," with tears, and then bubble over with some ridiculous flirtations of the watering places. He courted the widow, of course, in a week; wrote quite scholarly sonnets to her, and laughed and protested and talked about "the little Yankee girl he was going home to marry when the war was over." It was the champagne of love, iced; but in icing it was tempered in its more intoxicating qualities.

One day he found the widow sad over a letter. He did what a Southerner would have avoided, by asking her "what was the matter."

'Only a letter from a lady who thinks I

am rich, and wants to live with me as housekeeper, poor thing. She says her son was slain in the same battle Victor, my husband, was, and it seems to confirm poor Victor's death. If Malvoisee had a roof, she would be welcome, but it has none for me to offer poor Mrs.—Sanders is the name."

"Malvoisee?" said the officer; "it's the

burned place next here; was it yours?"

"Yes, it is mine," said the widow. "Why?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, it was sold for delayed taxes this morning; a fellow, McCandless, below here, bought it," said the lieutenant.
"It was the widow's home. Do you call

that making war, Mr. Endicott?"

The soldier winced. "I don't like it," he said; "but war is war, and the government

tries to get paid so as to pay its army."

"That is, my place was sold to get money for the government to pay those who slew my husband, for the slaying. Does your Bible say anything about seething a kid in its mother's milk, Lieutenant?" said the widow,

very softly.

The lieutenant was silent. "Hang it, it's all loot for that rascal, McCandless. I'll block him. I will see the governor and General ——, and have the thing stopped." But the generous youth was not permitted to carry out his act of chivalrous justice, nor to speak to father or friend in the matter. The unseen shadow that walks beside us all and watches its opportunity was drawing near, and as he talked his winding-sheet was high up on the throat. The Confederates still hung a cloud in the distance, occasionally throwing out a tongue of flame and destruction. That evening, on rumors of such a raid, young Endicott gathered a force of scouts and started to reconnoitre. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the two parties, Federal and Confederate, encountered in a little field in sight of the house. Each party was small, numbering twenty or thirty, but the conflict was short and desperate. Young Endicott fell, and his friends were retreating slowly on the house, when the elder Endicott came up with reinforcements, and the Confederates, in turn, fell back.

The poor young man was brought into the widow's room. She had suffered, as the reader knows, by the war, but it had never before dashed its actual red surf over her threshold. Yet shocked as she was, all feeling gave way in sympathy for the agonized father.

He only walked up and down, up and down, repeating the passionate words of the Hebrew king, "Oh, my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom; would I had died for thee! Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!" over and over again, wrenching his hands all the time, and walking up and down, up and down.

It was with difficulty he was so far soothed as to be removed, while the last soldierly attentions were paid by the young man's comrades. He was laid to rest in the little widow's flower garden, and the next day the father was calmer. He said to his hostess, with a great sob that contradicted his words, in the language of the heroic king, "I will mourn no more. I shall go to him, but he

shall not return to me."

With a sad difference the old ways returned, but not to him. He was changed and broken. An old man before, the blow had aged him greatly, and he loved to spend his leisure with the poor, lonely little widow. He spoke of his son and then of his wife gone before, and told his life story, of a long love and a late marriage with his first love, and of her death; then of his enlisting, to be near his son. In her sympathy, the poor old man found comfort, and she came to regard him, this alien enemy, with something of filial solicitude. They were useful to one another, these two people lonely in the world. The little money for his board supplied the table, and he assisted in her garden and gave her protection.

When the peace came, it brought no peace here. The sound was a mockery to them. "I will return to you, my child," said he,

"some day."

But Lucy only said, "I know you think so, but you will not. I seem to be enclosed in a charmed circle of sorrow. When I was a foolish girl I had many lovers, who all went away vowing to return. They never came. So father and mother crossed the dark river. Then my uncle went, and never returned.

Then I won my Victor, and my charmed circle became sacred; but he, too, went to his duty, and never came back to me. After that I had a noble, true friend who went to bring his sister to us, but he has passed the charmed circle and will never return. You think you will return, but you cannot. The fatal circle is about me and cannot be passed."

He was very much affected. "Sit down," said he, taking her hand; "I am an old man and must speak; first, some sad news, and then some other words, meant to be kind, my child; believe me, meant to be kind. Tell me,

is this yours, this place where you live?"
"No," said Lucy, "it is my cousin's, John Shandy's. My place, Malvoisee, has been

taken away from me."

"Alas, yes," said the old man; "and, my poor child, this too has been sold for delayed taxes. One McCandless bought it. Is he a friend? Will he --- "

"No! he is my hard enemy. Now, indeed,

is all shelter gone," sobbed the widow.

"No, my child, not all. Hear me. I am an old man, and past the years of lovers. I will speak plainly. I offer you a home; I ask you, will you be my daughter, under the name of wife? If I was a rich man, I might do better for you, if you would let me, but I am not. I can only take you with me, and guard you under the name of wife; but you shall be my daughter only, my poor widowed daughter; and I am a weak, old man with no other ties."

And he was silent. After a while he said, "I will leave you now, my child, to think over what I have said. You know it is sincere; you know I mean to be kind."

"I know you are kind," said Lucy, extending her hand. "I will think about it." And

they parted.

She did think of it. She reviewed the past, and saw how fate had narrowed around her. She thought of John Shandy and his love, his goodness to her. It was a crown to her, and something to be very proud of; but her husband's image arose before her, vivid with dear associations; and as the bounty of his manly loveflowed through the channels of recollections, old hopes and feelings and expressions flowered up in the kindly moisture. She loved her husband yet, deeply, purely, tenderly, with all the passion of a wife's first love. She loved no one else. The very thought of so loving another was pain, even were it John Shandy. Poor John Shandy!

But this other? She knew without argument, it was different, and knew what the relation would be better than he who offered it. She knew that he was and would be truly all he said. She knew, too, what her part must be. She would be his nurse. She would have the care of him; and there would be irksome duties and hard trials, but she would never be his wife, never be called so by him; she would only be his daughter. She

saw that future plainly as in a glass.

There are periods, crises in life, which almost every one can recall, when some innate power acts that is not the reason of logic with cause and effect, nor the discriminating judgment, weighing alternatives. It is neither advocate nor judge. It reveals; it does not argue. We see pictured as in a mirror a far future, as if we had lived it. We know, without an effort of reason, but as of recollection, just what events and feelings are to follow from a defined course. It leaves no room for doubt or argument. Judgment only comes in to determine which we will ac-

cept.

So it was with Lucy. She saw herself as the nominal wife, the actual daughter and nurse of old Mr. Endicott. She saw what that life was, that it was not one of ease. She saw years of drudgery, of care, of exceeding patience. She saw the waning age of an old man growing captious, irritable, complaining, and selfish. She saw herself in his house, bearing all, suffering all, in irksome care and silence. She saw a household, sufficient but narrow; hopes, feelings, sentiments, all starved into that existence, and bounded by an old and broken man's narrow economies. She saw years and customs growing on her, and crushing old ways of thought and speech, and knew that she would be altogether different, different even in herself and to herself, a sad and soured old woman who had missed all the flower of life.

What else? She would live alone. Her life would be her own. Bearing all this cark and care of another, she would bear none of her own. She would be the living, loving wife of Victor Shandy, with no presumptuous image to thrust between her and that dear nourishing sweetness of her existence, her love for her dead husband. But the other alternative? No prophetic clairvoyance was needed here. If she refused the offer, she saw the future in the past, the last bitter year. She knew she had courage, and the will to work, the slave of this cruel body, if she could find the work to do. She could not plough or chop wood or wash; and these comprehended the demands of that impoverished neighborhood. Her accomplishments in that barren spot were like Robinson Crusoe's gold; it would buy nothing, it was useless. If she stayed she might teach school, teach the negro children, be the patient, insulted drudge of these poor, ignorant slaves, drunk with new, misunderstood freedom. As all the memory of that sickening endurance and final failure crawled like a loathsome worm over her, she shuddered and brushed it away. It was not the will to do. but the power to do, was in question; and she knew that power was not in her.

Lucy was a brave woman. She had fought the good fight. She had been patient and even cheerful under trials that would have snapped a steel less fine and finely tempered than her own, but Lucy was too wise and too brave not to know and to face the truth. She did not pretend that she could not preserve a sordid existence, at the gates of starvation, by herself, in this corner, but it would be at the expense of degradation to her womanhood, to that preserving purity sustained by womanly occupations. It would cost too much. So this little soldier was prepared to surrender her sword. Not because she was unwilling to fight, but because she saw fighting would not gain what she desired and struggled for. It would only be a species of suicide.

She gave a last sad thought to poor John Shandy. Never in her life did she love and honor him more than when, in this final crisis of life, she weighed his wishes with her power to grant. She knew that she could not marry John Shandy, as she might marry this old man, giving nothing of what he asked in exchange. She knew, if she married him, she ought to give, and he ought to ask, a whole, undivided, wifely love; that it would be a lie to marry him, denying him this. And so, gently and tenderly loving him the more in her tears, she put him away in her thought, and sorrowed for him as for a dear, dead friend. Poor John Shandy!

So she sat in the twilight singing, very low, a strange, old melody she had not recalled for years. It was her own story, the story of a brave woman conquered, and she whispered

it.softly,—

"And young Jamie at the sea,-And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' o' me."

Mr. Endicott came in. He looked troubled. "Have you thought, my child? Have you thought of any other way I can help you?"

"No, none; none by which I can help you

in return," said the widow, softly.

"Ah! well, when you please, you can tell me. Never mind," he said, as the widow made an effort to speak. "There, let me have my way; to-morrow? Well, I have news for you; good news ——"

But a noise startled them, and black Lucy came running in, stumbling, and screaming. "Lord, miss," said she, "Floyd's done come; Mass John's done come." And she fell in a fit. No need of announcement. The grave, handsome face and figure of Victor Shandy rose above his cousin's, upon whose shoulder one hand, half embracing, lay lightly as he stood in the doorway. "It is Victor: it is my husband. O Victor, Victor!" and the brave, over-tired little wife fell in his arms.

The two, John and Victor Shandy, had spoken first to old Mr. Endicott, who had come up from his quarters in the village to break the news of her husband's return to his wife; but youth and impatience, as we know, had anticipated the slow, hesitating old man's action. It was as well. Joy does not kill.

Victor Shandy's story must be recorded. Taken up by Floyd, and a prisoner, he was exchanged, after his recovery, and enlisted in a different regiment; was wounded in the retreat from Petersburg, and found by John Shandy sick and heartbroken over a rumor of his wife's marriage. The failure of their frequent letters, mutually written each other, was an occurrence too frequent at that period, in the South, to need explanation or comment. The colored boy, Floyd, to Bob Asa's intense disgust and incredulity, had actually stood by his master to the last; nay, stands by him yet, with a wife to help him who is quite reconciled to "dat nigga's" not having "done got hisself killed"; and they are the servants of Victor and Lucy Shandy, and call them Mars Vic and Miss Lucy.

The pretty widow is won. Is there any more to tell? McCandless is prospering after his kind, in purse and its respectability; and as man, like water, finds his level, he is probably now, or soon will be, in Congress. Is

that all?

No. The moon is setting, and sending its long, slant glories through the trees, bringing out the broad galleries of rebuilt Malvoisee in the clear obscure. The child of the old love listens silently at his knee to the soft, melancholy flow of the violin; for John Shandy is playing. A light wind bears the odors of flowers, like incense, from the garden and Lucy listens in her chamber, silently, in tears, as the harmony of "Auld Robin Gray" floats softly in. She thinks of the poor old man to whom Heaven was kind, in taking him

home from a lonely world, and her heart fills with old memories and trials of that sad time. But the music flows on, flows on, in sweeter curves and changes. Sad old plantation airs, with stories of a way of tenderness in life that shall be no more forever, melt from the strings and mingle with the rustle of the leaves. The music sobs like the spirit of the past, about the galleries and deserted cabins. No more that melodious charm will call troops of happy, wondering black faces, from nooks and recesses of the old cabins, to linger entranced

at the spell.

But John Shandy plays on. Snatches of old dreams and of an old delight, idealized and purified above the earth, faints in the tender symphonies. The old love has grown and softened into a precious feeling, that belongs to no one on earth, and yet is not all the creation of that tender, loving heart. Born in heaven and nourished on the bounty of a, sweet, unselfish nature, it floats on the long, soft swells and cadences, rising musically, tenderly, in lengthened undulations to its home. As the disk of the setting moon grows. broader and broader in the foliage and the shadows darken around its eclipse, the soft clear voice breaks out, in a sweet old hymn, to the according violin. Does associate itself with the sympathies and heroes of a Lost Cause, mingled with the devout inspiration of a loving and relying heart?

"Through sorrow's night and danger's path, Among the gathering gloom, We, soldiers of an injured king, Are marching to the tomb."

And the last faint glimmer of the setting moon is gone, and all is dark.



## REVEREND MR. BLAND'S WRESTLE WITH THE CHESTER WHITE HOG

THE scene of the Rev. Mr. Bland's trial lies among the Salt River hills, Kentucky, with a homely but picturesque village nestled in the low farming lands, which begin on the north bank, the limbo of politicians, and slope off into the Ohio basin. Handsome country seats adorn the spurs of adjacent hills, and overlook the checkerboard verdure of field and fallow. with the soft blue velvet knobs falling away, south and west, at either hand. The Ohio River has burst its way through the range, forming a beautiful cluster of sand and rocky islets, or more fertile tracts, in the rapids, which are fast wasting away under the grand trowels of the water-shed. But as we follow the little tributary we meet the contrast of wild and rugged scenery of hill, dale, and river lying contiguous to arable and pasture, to which the pleased imagination gives the name of the Picturesque. A certain unexpectedness adds to the charm of contrasts in travel through this region, which, indeed, is best pursued, with dog and gun. Now we come on farms lusty in tilth, the partridge whirring in the stubble, and wide-open barns bursting with harvest; then a turn brings us upon scenes of wild, untutored nature, unspoiled by the woodman's axe, or Macadam's invention of road-bed, out of which suddenly the wild glens develop a stately villa, embroidered with walks, drives, shrubbery, and fair pavilions set in the lonely forest. Crossing the various tributaries of Floyd's Fork, Long Run, Harrod's Creek, and classic Beargrass, we meet continuous examples of the physical law that ascribes to each watershed its own peculiar features, till, from a gentle acclivity, the characteristic unexpectedness develops the broad, squared avenues, the stately roofs, chimneys, and cupolas of the city of Louisville. The same prevailing spirit of contrast reappears in a population in which the highest culture associates with rural simplicity; or humanity preserves its savage characteristics among the rough, lawless charcoal burners of the Wet Woods.

It has been many years since I looked upon these scenes, once so familiar to my boyish sports; yet they lie before the mind's eye as vivid as the soft, half-tropical beauty of foliage that meets my daily walks. Many pleasing reminiscences of books and men and boyish playfellow have knitted themselves into the embroidery of these old home scenes; and it pleases my fancy to reflect that the subjective sensation still remains, as vivid to my imagination as if I were actually to look on them again, and more harmonious. Indeed, without the sensitive receptive faculty of the boyish heart, I fear the new impressions would come like a blurred photograph that disfigures more than it represents. Nothing is more

dangerous than revisiting scenes on which memory too fondly dwells; for if we do not find saddening changes in the scenes themselves, we are sure to find them in the altered feeling in ourselves with which we look upon them.

The Rev. Mr. Bland was assigned to the village church in one of these neighborhoods about the time it suffered a loss in the death of the Hon. James Griffin, formerly member of Congress from the district. The reverend gentleman was rather a strict disciplinarian for the gentle and forbearing Methodist Episcopal Church, but he had delivered his famous sermon on the prophecies of Daniel, and the city churches in which he had been alternated for many years were reluctant to lose the services of a preacher of such piety and scholarship. But the good man had lost his wife a short time before, and was anxious for a change. He brought with him his daughter Estella, no less an acquisition to the young people than her father proved to be to the society of her elders.

He bore with composure the pseudo enthusiasm which welcomes every newcomer, and gradually established himself in the confidence of the more select body of reflecting persons capable of understanding his practical and mathematical theory of the prophecies. A part of his congregation did, indeed, look upon him a little coldly, as a Presbyterian in disguise; and one loose fish, of no church at

all, objected that Rev. Mr. Bland wanted every one to wear his Sunday go to meetin's a week days — an extravagance of habit, he thought, few even of church-goers could afford. As usual, there was a leaven of justice in these criticisms. Mr. Bland inclined to severity in discipline, and his habits of accurate thought led him to election and predestination

in theory.

But the mild gossip which, in America at least, grows out of an abstract difference of doctrine was soon lost in the keener zest of a rumor which connected his name with the relict of the late Mr. Griffin — a very interesting and wealthy widow lady of the neighborhood. There could be no inequality in a marriage between a gentleman of probity, piety, and reputation, and the widow of the late representative in Congress, however ample her dower, and his congregation viewed it with satisfaction, as a means of attaching him to them. But others, connected with the lady, objected, from chiefly interested motives. Mrs. Miller, nee Sally Sampson, wife of Robert Miller, the lady's brother, was the principal of these. My neighbor, Tom Gwynn,—a hearty, manly fellow,—said that Mrs. Sally ordered up the junior of Miller, Sampson, and Co., Mr. Job Newsants, from the counting house as she would order a horse from the stables, and came down to make a Sabine marriage. It was good as a play to hear Tom swear out his prejudices about Mrs.

Sally. He said she had traded on Hon. James Griffin's influence, and filled her sideboard full of china and silver as presents, until she drove him out of politics. Then she had borrowed his wife's inheritance of the Colonel to put in her husband's business, "because, you know, dear, you never gave Robert Miller anything when you had influence." "She got at him about our investments in wild land," laughed Tom; "said it was wicked, and quoted the parable of the buried talent on us. I offered to put up the monument to Jim myself," added Tom Gwynn, "if they'd let me write the inscription—'Died of a Sally Sampson."

"What sort of a person is this gentleman? what is his name?" I asked.

"Nuisance," blurted out Tom, stretching his long arm out for the flask. We had stopped to lunch at Rock Spring while part-ridge shooting. "A confounded nuisance. There are men, Will,— and they fill no undistinguished places in the world, - who find a corner in the midst of its most audacious ventures, and yet take no risk. Messieurs, faites votre jeu, is content with the sure per cent of the table. That's the fellow, by the croupier's face of him. And that woman -O Lord!" he ejaculated. "She heard of the parson's visits of condolence — I hope he may get her — and she just lit down on the poor woman: 'Robert Miller could not come. I've just run down to see how you are getting

on. It must be right pleasant to have things your own way, and nobody to hinder."

"Come, old fellow," said I, "that is too strong — congratulating a woman on the

death of her husband; draw it mild."

"Not a bit," said Gwynn. "Nelly heard it. Depend on it, Sally Sampson did not think it a shocking speech. It suited her to have poor Jim out of the way, and it must be so to everybody. Besides, there was more of it, Nelly told me. 'You'll like Job Newsants,' was her next speech. 'So much dignity, force of character. Just the husband for Emma,' I said. You know, if you or I had gone on in that style to Emma Griffin six weeks after poor Jim died, she would have dropped off in hysterics. But what's the use? The poor thing, with forty chattels of her own on the place, was wondering who would take Mr. Newsants's horse, and what in the deuce Aunt Abby in the kitchen would find for these people to eat. Oh, Em has got to marry. She can't manage that place. I hope Mr. Bland will come to time. What is he holding back for?"

Why, indeed? It was no use for the widow to try to defend herself, or to deny herself to Mr. Newsants. He would be rolled in on his casters by Mrs. Sally, and his merits as an article of furniture cracked up in the bagman's plainest prose. It was certainly time for a

protector to appear.

But there was a burden on the spirits of Mr. Bland which deprived him of that airy lightness necessary to captivate the butterfly of a lady's affection. It was not his daughter Estella, for Mr. George Shanklin was anxious to relieve him of that incumbrance. Neither was it the prevalence of heretical opinion in mesmerism and table tipping necromancy. Nor did it grow out of his interpretation of the Book of Daniel, by which the heaven was to be rolled up like a scroll at a period significant of nothing worse than the rolling up of the Southern rebellion. Neither was it that the want of a riding horse gave his visits on an animal at livery too much the appearance of a shop-boy's holiday.

No: his difficulties were of far too serious a character to spring from wounded vanity or morbid self-consciousness. It was of the kind that lies down with one and gets up with him. It was of the malicious I don't know

what to do with you kind.

"This sort of grief Cannot find in religion the slightest relief."

or the Rev. Mr. Bland would have found it. It was too ridiculously insignificant and contemptible to think about; and he could think about nothing else. Yet he did not dare mention it, or even hint of it, for fear of ridicule. It did not touch his conscience or moral character, it affected no one but himself, and yet it was no physical defect or

obliquity. It would injure him in the good opinion of no one if known, yet it lowered him in his own eyes, and rebuked his whole life for a want of charitableness for the weakness or foibles of others. It arose up in judgment, and turned his own intellectual skill against him, whipping through any casuistry with which he would shield himself. Moreover, it degraded him in his own eyes, as a man and a gentleman, to feel how severely its contemptible insignificance preyed upon him.

It was a pig.

One of his parishioners, soon after his coming to the village, had presented him with a Chester White pig. Mr. Bland had been bred in the city, and his life had been passed in cities. The country and its primitive habits he knew only through the mirage of his reading; and these pictured the life as full of rural simplicity, and healthful occupations among the flocks and herds. From the Bucolics to Thomson's "Seasons" the ideal felicities of such an existence had gone on ripening, in the turmoil of the city, until, indeed, it became the motive in him which had influenced the Conference to locate him among such scenes. The pig, therefore, was an expression, a realization to the preacher's mind, of many vague, half-poetic longings for a pastoral life; it was the thing itself incarnate, and he rejoiced in it. It was such a plump, full-bodied, cleanly pig. It was an intelligent pig, and subject to the gentler influences.

He bragged about it, and turned the conversation to stock raising in order to bring it in.

He had time to repent. That pig had not been appreciated. Vulgar minds had only regarded his perishable flesh, and kept him pent up, neglectful of his higher instincts. Now he was allowed to curl his tail over his back, and show the precocious daring of an original investigator in the natural sciences. As a horticulturist he was of the radical school, but, with a catholicity of spirit worthy of the philosopher, he pushed his researches into all branches that bore fruit. Cauliflower and columbine were alike gone into; and he left no subject until he had gotten to its roots, and

digested them fully.

After investigation of some forty or fifty dollars' worth of rare exotics, a paling fence divided the front and back premises. This gave quite a new interest in life to the pig and the family. Often between the heads of his discourse the question of the pig's probable presence in the front yard crossed the preacher's mind. If it rendered the sermon somewhat desultory and disconnected, it schooled him in processes of carrying on two trains of thought simultaneously. Sometimes he was distracted by mental debate over the feasibility of climbing the fence, on his return home, in preference to opening the gate, at hazard of having the pig run between his legs, as was sometimes its habit of afternoon. It would

cause him to give a troubled look to the pew where his daughter sat with Mr. George Shanklin, in devout attention, and perhaps suggest the tactics of allowing the young people to precede him — a sort of offering up of his children to that Moloch of a pig. charity to such evil-minded promptings, let it be said that Mr. Shanklin and his daughter exhibited the most complete indifference upon the subject, as if unconscious of the existence of such a creature; or if the animal, by a spirit of diligent inquiry, did force itself upon attention, the young gentleman contented himself with compliments to its owner upon its fine condition. It comforted the father to discover such reckless courage in one so young, but it did not hurt the pig.

Denied the prospect of the front yard the animal gave way to no vain repining, but cultivated a talent for opening gates and doors. The statement of a neighboring tenant that it learned to climb a tree, in order to rob an apple orchard, lacks confirmation in its details. But it could insert its tough membranous rooter under a door, like a hand, and by leverage of neck and shoulders throw the valve off latch, and proceed to investigate the dough tray or pan of rusk, left to rise against the close of service. Sometimes it was the pantry; and its investigations included the consumptive and digestive labor of weeks in a single afternoon— so thrifty is a wise economy in house-

hold affairs.

As this intelligent animal grew in size and spirit, it comprehended the Shakespearean adage, "Home-keeping youth hath ever homely wit," and declined to limit its faculties. If a neighbor ventured to set a pail of slops for the evening cow, this sagacious animal threw its nose in the air, grunted, and, by gate, lane, and across lots, proceeded to investigate. It was equally unerring on a potato hill, and invariably turned up in the right place, until its impartial investigations left a general appearance of ploughed ground. Indeed, it threatened to create a village famine; for though it could not climb a tree, it was currently charged with shaking down the fruit; and no gate, fence, or hedge could stay its active industry, no cunning secreting foil its elaborate research. The fame of so enterprising and sagacious an animal spread far and wide, and came back to its happy possessor in the shape of various shaken heads and fists.

The good gentleman began to be timid, and not easy in mind about his sacred duties — terribly embarrassed in his exhortations to penitence and amendment. How could he preach, the divine law of returning good for evil, when it seemed like asking perpetual license for the ravages of that terrible, impenitent pig? How could he speak to the widow of resignation to the Divine will, or the particular way in which widows may take comfort, when he felt that a whole neighbor-

hood described him to her as "a man as fat's his hogs off'n other folks' garden sass"? He knew they did, for — et tu, Brute — the very neighbor who had given him that frightful beast had addressed those very words to him that forenoon. As you take the fair Esmeralda by the hand, and look into her divine eyes, just fancy that she has that character of you strictly defined in her mind, and then go on with your pretty talk if you can.

This explains that curious reluctance of which Tom Gwynn had complained. Soon after, I was called into the case. Not by Mr. Bland—in whom was the stubborn blood of the martyrs, or rather the stoic spirit of the American Indian that dies and makes no sign—but by the widow. She was sure something preyed on his mind. She had asked Estella, but the young lady had interests of her own that occupied her entirely. Mr. Bland had not been at Dunhopen for a month. Would I see him, and try to draw him out, and say how glad Mrs. Griffin would be to see him, etc.?

Love is, I believe, much like the whooping-cough or measles, that passes lightly over the young, who are liable to a second or seventy-second attack; but as we get older our less flexible organization quivers with it; it enrheums the eyes, shakes the larynx and vocal organs, and hangs on desperately. The widow had my entire sympathy. She was forty, and

did not look thirty; and her daughter Lucy — Of course I was interested.

But I was like a physician who has not the confidence of his patient, nor a single symptom by which to diagnose the case. He gave a sickly smile and blush at my message from the pretty widow at Dunhopen, and said he was physically well, and would call to

relieve Mrs. Griffin's friendly anxiety.

But he failed to do so. He had begun to be superstitious about the hog. He would hear of ravages committed by that ubiquitous animal at opposite extremities of the village at the very time when he had the rational evidence of his own sense that it had broken into his storeroom and made havoc of his

provisions.

He had not butchered the brute, partly because it was too much fresh meat for his little family, and partly because he was city bred, and thought it a proper and creditable thing to raise and cure his own meat, like a country gentleman. Had he been country bred, he would have thought little of such economy; but it is a confession of our poor humanity to think other lives finer than our own, and try to imitate them.

In the mean while the situation of the widow in her straitened garrison was becoming really desperate. Tom Gwynn had not exaggerated in speaking of it as a Sabine marriage. As the reader may be incredulous about the ability to entrap a middle-aged, discreet lady having

a contrary preference into a match against her will, it may be better to give the exact detail, as explained later by my old chum, Tim Griffin, who was then in Europe, and confirmed by his sister Lucy, and Nelly Gwynn.

Sally Sampson was a sharp, energetic little woman, of sandy hair and complexion, and gray eyes, in one of which was a brown or chestnut spot as large as a pin's head, as if that

color had splashed into the iris.

Mrs. Griffin had been drifting, by a series of civilities, into a sort of forced confidence with her sister in law and her confederate. The three were in the sitting-room at Dunhopen, the ladies having some pretense of needlework, and Mr. Newsants sitting, with that croupier's face on him, watching the game, when Mrs. Sally made her great coup. "Now, Mr. Newsants," said she, "Emma and

I have been talking business; and there is a matter in which Emma is directly interested, on on which we want your candid opinion." The croupier is politely willing to explain

the rules of the game. Mrs. Griffin is in a flutter, as if asked to stake down on the double zero. She looks to the door, as if meditating flight: but there are her guests.

"Now about those wild lands, Mr. New-Will you please to explain that?"

continues Mrs. Sally.

"Certainly, madam;" and he turns and explains in a clear and incisive way to the widow.

"The original investment was a very prudent one; the lands were bought in at a nominal rate at one dollar and a quarter. Colonel Griffin had them examined by an expert, and they developed coal and iron. He might have sold to advantage then. He did better. He fostered a railroad enterprise through them; the lands have gone up cent per cent. But they have reached the maximum. The object of the investment is accomplished. Had Colonel Griffin lived, he would have realized; that remains to be done and should be done at once, while the securities are steady."

"What I like about Mr. Newsants is, he is so clear and impartial," interpreted the chorus. "Now, sir, what do you think about Emma's future? She can't stay in this poky place among idle, insolent blacks."

"It is not necessary," responded he. "With capital from these wild lands, and the sale of her Southern plantation and slaves on account of the unsettled political condition of the South, her income will exceed her expenditure. Especially, on Miss Lucy's account, investments should be such as to relieve her mother of care, that she might take personal charge of the young lady."

"Just what I told Emma," interrupted Mrs. Sally. "Will you sacrifice your children for this poky place and its lazy blacks? And there's Timothy! Must be come home from the court of St. Jeemes's and the Tooleries

to that sort of thing!"

"Under the arrangements, Mr. Tim Griffin can exercise his own pleasure," said the croupier. "His mother's investments in pork and tobacco will enable her to make his allow-

ance very ample."

"Now that is what I call considerate," said Mrs. Sally, stealing her arm about the widow as she closed the trap. "Every true mother must think of those dear ones first; and it is noble and like Mr. Newsants to think of them and make that so clear. But now, Mr. Newsants, about Emma herself. She can't manage things: she must have some one she can trust. You understand me — some honorable, upright man of established business character, that her family knows and trusts, in order to her perfect security. Robert Miller will never consent to less than that, for dear Emma's sake."

As he made the final coup, the gamester's face was as cold and impassive as ever, but a shade paler; for the stake in the widow's hands might touch a quarter of a million. He spoke, however, in the same cool, incisive tone: "I shall be very happy to devote myself to Mrs. Griffin and her interests entirely. I shall see that her tastes and preferences are consulted, and her intentions about the children and the disposal of her property shall remain as completely in her own hands as in her widowhood. I shall be satisfied to have secured her person and happiness by the arrangement."

"I am sure," hesitated the widow, not a little puzzled by this courtship of the third person singular, and not seeing, for her part, what she was to say, or what it all meant — "I am sure you are very obliging; and Tim and Lucy, and perhaps ——"

"Perhaps they should be informed," interrupted Mrs. Sally, stringing these fragments on a meaning of her own. "You dear Em! How prettily embarrassed! Mr. Newsants ought to be a very happy man." At which the widow looked down, blushing, more scared and embarrassed than ever; and Mrs. Sally fell to kissing her, as if that feature of the queer courtship must be done by proxy too.
"But," she added, "I just knew you two

would suit; and I am so glad it has turned out so well." After which she kept up such a rattle as to leave the widow no time for remonstrance or reflection, until Mr. Newsants took his hat, and with a stiff bow relieved her of his presence. He had seemed the same impassive watcher of the game; but out of doors he stopped and breathed short, as if he had been running.

"Your brother will be so glad!" began

her sister in law.

"But, Sally ——" interrupted the widow.

"Of course he'll call to-morrow ——"
"But, Sally ——" repeated the widow.
"—and see you alone," said Mrs. Sally.

"But I don't want to see him," cried the widow. "I want you to see him, and say

"Indeed, I'll do no such thing," said Mrs. Sally, who knew very well the widow wanted to revoke, but lacked the courage; "and now I am going to write your brother all about it."

Left to herself, the widow became frantic with apprehension of being married, in spite of herself, to the wrong man. I got a civil note requesting me to ask Rev. Mr. Bland to call, and a second missive went to Gwynn's. It did not find Tom Gwynn, but it found the only match for Mrs. Sally Sampson the countryside afforded — Nelly Gwynn. The strategy of that young heroine, however, has nothing to do with the Rev. Mr. Bland's experiences. He was sufficiently moved by this second request to order that the hog should be butchered; that is, he sent for an expert to do execution.

It only led to another disappointment. The expert in this business was a shifty, tricky old rogue, who lived somewhere up in Breakneck Gap, known as Old Joe Bumponlog. Indeed, I find so much to admire in old Joe, I wonder I did not choose him for my hero rather than the Chester White. Everything that came to old Joe was a trade. If a cow strayed into his bunch of cattle, he explained that he had got her in trade. If an owner set up an adverse claim, he was required to identify the animal in beef; for old John had her

hide at the tan-yard in about the time it took to take off his own ragged coat. Old Joe never broke into houses, or waylaid travelers on the highway; and he could barely write his own name, much less forge another's. He just traded — mostly in cows or beef cattle, though he might deal a little in horseflesh, or even

poultry, if it came in his way.

He was always to be seen on the poor old sore-backed horse, with a ragged flap saddle, or driving a rickety old wagon with splints out of the sides, and a bit of broken plank for a tailboard. He would stop in the road to pick up a horseshoe or a bit of bridle, which he threw into the "kyart." Nor, to be candid, was this thrift restricted to the highway. He could do the same in your barnyard, content even with waifs of more value, which he "lowed warn't no use to nobody, nohow."

In season, he borrowed ploughs and hoes and rakes, and kept them, by that curious function of trade. He would have borrowed a steam locomotive, if he could have found a lender, and converted it into irrecognizable value, by way of trade. He was much about the court house, and could tell shrewd stories of lawyers and judges, if he would; but these experiences he was a little shy of revealing.

Old Joe had his weakness; he soaked. That is the local definition. He carried a flat green glass flask of the vilest distillation in a ragged pocket, of which he partook raw, without any vanities of water or ice, as he

jogged along on his poor old jade. At times this habit got the better of him, and he lay snoozing in the mud, while the old horse picked grass at the roadside, but never offered to leave him. They were very much alike, old Joe and the sore-backed horse. These slips were not common. Generally he soaked and kept his wits, picking up odd, out of the way theories, which, by some mental process, he appropriated to himself, as if he had got them in trade. It often surprised strangers, and even old acquaintances, how much there was in that muddled old head. theories of sowing and ploughing and harvesting and butchering and pruning and transplanting, and the weather and the moon, and the power of yarbs, in which, indeed, he was quite a pharmacopæia, and made you think he might have been something if he liked, only he didn't, except to be old Joe. But at all times, drunk or sober, he was the same sly, unscrupulous, but not unkindly or ill-natured old Ishmaelite. His existence had become a habit, if not a necessity, to the neighborhood. He could physic a dog, take the hooks out of a horse's eyes, or cure gland-He could make rabbit traps and partridge nets, and his clumsy old fingers could manage a salmon-fly that seemed bewitched, it was so lucky. Besides all these, he was the neighborhood butcher, by which your Southern readers understand the one who undertakes to supply fresh meat, and does not do it.

To be entirely consistent, old Joe did not come as he had promised; but Mr. Bland was in earnest by this time, and renewed his application until the slinking old pariah was brought to book. Old Joe stopped and looked at the brute, with his elbows in his ragged pockets, and the stump of a whipstock protruding, only to pronounce the hog too young, and that the pork would be too green or measly; of which the poor victim only understood it would be highly improper to butcher it.

"Wy, that air's a Chester White," added old Joe. "He ain't got more'n half his size yit. Wait a bit; he'll be too big to git in a door, an' meat enough to do ye more'n half

a year."

About the meat was all very well, but the fable that the Chester White could not go through any door was a greater miracle than any recorded in Mr. Bland's Bible. It did not have to lift now; it just brushed the door off the hinges, and went grunting indifferently through the splinters. It did grow. It swelled visibly before his very eyes, like a blown bladder. He and his daughter had given up. If they heard the hog coming, they snatched whatever could be saved, and fled. The Chester White had taken the parsonage.

Good Mr. Bland never forgot it. He carried the whole tremendous gross weight of the hog on his conscience night and day, and yet by no word or sign did he betray,

even to his daughter, how cruel the burden was, or what subject of meditation so engrossed his thoughts. She could but see the change, but she put it down to any cause but the right one. A weaker man would have

complained; the minister gave no sign.

It might be too curious a speculation to analyze his feelings at this time, but certainly they were double. In one was the clear commonsense view that regarded the matter as certainly annoying, perhaps vexatious, but too trifling a concern to entertain serious thought over. The other felt the to be possessed of the evil spirits once assigned to such, and sent especially to try him. It did try him. He felt that it had tested him in every point in which he had felt strong, and he had proved fragile as a reed. It rebuked him. began to think he had mistaken his calling. There must be something inherently vicious in one in whose hand so familiar and harmless an animal became so terrible. As to trusting himself with a horse, he did not dare think of it. One brute was enough. A horse in his hands would murder half the village.

He never forgot it. If he thought of his views of the prophecies or of Dunhopen and its fair owner once, he thought of the hog a thousand times. He felt it always, and went about thinking how its ravages had made the villagers hate him, and talk ill of him to one another. It was not fatal; it was not so kind. It was like the itch—something to cause him to

be avoided, to be misjudged. It was something loathsome that isolated him from kindly and familiar nature, and set him apart in a kind of moral leprosy, and yet its absurdly ridiculously insignificant character deprived him even of the vanity of martyrdom. To affect it would be equally profane and con-temptible. He began to look forward to the first frost of hog-killing time like a yellow-fever patient in a Southern hospital; and he secluded himself in the interval. It in no way affected his sermons; probably because he was unable to compose a sermon at the time; but his prayers grew to be the fervent and passionate appeals of a broken and contrite heart. It was impossible to hear them without being strongly, even painfully, moved. The suspicion of Phariseeism, peculiar to a pure and rigidly exact nature, was all gone. Wise and good as he was, he was the humblest, most penitent Christian in the congregation. At length the frost came, with a cold snap, and he sent for old Joe, and old Joe delayed. But the preacher would put up with no procrastination in the matter. In rather more cheerful frame of mind, he borrowed a neighbor's horse, and set out in search of old Joe's quarters.

He lived in a remote corner of Breakneck Gap—a rocky ravine that turned a flare edge over the hilltops from the village below. His cabin stood shouldered against the cliffs with Dame Bumponlog's wash kettle at the

spring branch in the hollow. He found the master of the house sitting on the stoop, and opened the subject of his neglect.

"But ye ain't noticed it's light o' the moon,"

said old Joe.

"What has that got to do with hog killing?" asked the preacher.

"D'ye want the meat all for to run to lard?"

was the Socratic rejoinder.

"N-no," said Mr. Bland, "certainly not

that. Why?"

"Less'n ye kill an' cure in dark o' the moon, the fat all runs to grease," was the sententious reply.

"I don't understand," said Mr. Bland.

"The moon does oodles high-larnt men dursn't know," said old Joe. "When d'ye sot out seedlin's?"

"In the spring, I suppose," said Mr. Bland. But what time o' the moon?" insisted

old Joe.

"I don't set them in the moon," said the

other, quizzically.

"Ye put 'em out light o' the moon. Long sass, light o' the moon; short sass, dark o' the moon," said old Joe gravely.

"There is nothing in Holy Writ or common-sense for the opinion," said Mr. Bland.

"Light, light," insisted the hospitable Ishmaelite, as he proceeded to explain. "The moon's loaded stone, you'll 'low?"

"Loaded stone!" repeated the puzzled

divine.

"Wot picks up nails an' needles," explained old Joe. "Chunks out'n it, airy lights, has lit down onto the yea'th, an' they're all loaded stones."

"Oh, lodestone," said the preacher.

"Ay. Loaded stone i' the moon draws the water; you'll 'low that?" insisted the philosopher.

"You mean the tides?" the minister ven-

tured to guess.

"Yes, sir. An' it draws the sap into the tree, and busts out in leaf, an' draws the grease outen the fat, ef ye kill light o' the moon," said old Joe; and he was going to set forth his theory in detail, but Mr. Bland interrupted him to insist on having the butchering done at once.

"I'lowed you'd wait tell dark o' the moon," said Joe; "but seein' as it is, I'll be down to-morrornexday," running it curiously into one word. "Ye done got the trough an'

kettles a'ready?"

"Why, no," said the preacher; "but I

suppose I can borrow."

"Well, have the critter penned," said old

Joe, "agin I get thar an hour by sun."

Mr. Bland rode off, a little distrustful of the penning, but satisfied withal. Then, as his spirits rose in prospect of relief, he laughed over old Joe's philosophies about the moon, and being in high good humor, ventured to call on the widow. I do not know what passed, only Mrs. Sally found

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her yielding sister in law suddenly stubborn, and like to take the bit in her teeth. In desperation, she ventured to work upon the widow's superstitious fears through table tipping. It caused another urgent message, and again Mr. Bland failed to appear. It was only the masterly strategy of Nelly Gwynn that finally routed the hitherto indomitable sister in law. But the reader is more interested in knowing what new development robbed Mr. Bland of his courage in such a crisis.

The household of the preacher were up betimes. The hog was lured into a corner by cabbage stalks and pot liquor, and duly fenced in with rails and beams. The trough and kettle were borrowed, and the water heated.

Mr. Bland, in his study, had taken up the subject of the prophecies where he had left it when this huge incubus bore him down. It was a bright, cool, fall day, just right for pork butchering, and as he contemplated regaining his popularity, he felt his hopes and spirits rise. He had borne it all in silence and without a murmur. Surely this world does not know its martyrs or martyrdoms. How the most insignificant trifle may cause more settled, continuous wretchedness than many great calamities! The crossness of a husband, the peevishness of a wife, the pertness of a girl, or, less than that, some petty habit of eating or sleeping — all of these may

at some time play the part of the Chester White hog, and be the pebble in the shoe through all our daily walks. But Mr. Bland had borne his cross, and the hour of relief had borne his cross, and the hour of relief had come. He felt as if his nature was swept and purified. He took up his theory at that point in which, by incontrovertible mathe-matic solution, he established an epochral identity in the periods of prophetic weeks to the equinoctial and solstitial points of the Great Year, so to fix the apocalyptic dates and periods with a precision and verity never before attempted. Love and fame should be his future handmaids. At the moment be his future handmaids. At the moment, his daughter Estella came tripping into his study to say that Mr. Bumponlog had come, and wished to see him. He came down smiling, in dressing-gown and slippers, with a thought of quizzing this same learned Theban a little upon his lunacies.

Old Joe was in shirt sleeves, a great woodenhafted knife in his hand. He spoke first: "You air a high-larnt man; I 'lowed you'd better see this here critter you calls a hog."

What did the fellow mean? But Mr. Bland stiffened his cartilage to resist any more humbugging, and followed to the pen.

"You 'lowed it were a hog," getting over

into the inclosure, and kicking the lazy brute

till it grunted and rose to its feet.

"A hog!" repeated the preacher won-dering if the fellow would pronounce it a rhinoceros, or the great behemoth itself, lying under the shady trees, whose nose

pierceth through snares.
"Yes, hoss," repeated old Joe, "you, 'lowed it were a hog. But it air a sow, an' a brood sow at that. I 'low no man as is a Christian, an' a preacher to boot, don't 'low for to kill a brood sow in litter. Why, the meat 'ud be good for nuthin'; an' the onnateralness on it!"

Mr. Bland was far too meek a man to insist. "No, no," he stammered, mechanically, "not

if it would hurt the poor thing."

As old Joe gathered his knives and scrapers, Mr. Bland stole back to his upper chamber. He heard the rude fellow stop outside and tell a villager how the preacher 'lowed for him to come an' butcher a brood sow, and the two burst into a great shout of laughter. It would be all over town in ten minutes, all over the country in a day. He would not dare leave home. He was completely wrecked. As we have suggested, it seemed to him too foolish a thing to pray about, too absurd to ask sympathy in; but as he realized the reproduction of such a creature, a sort of superstitious dread seized him. They would uproot the village. It would cause him to be dismissed from the Conference, and driven into the desert!

Through it all he knew this misery was utterly absurd; that he should pay no attention to it; that no sincere man respected him less because he was burdened with a troublesome animal. Instead of relieving, it quickened his misery to know it was absurd, extravagant, and that he ought to shift it off, for he knew by repeated trial that it stuck close as a cutaneous eruption that must run its course. Before we condemn his weakness, let us study some of our own petty troubles — habits that have grown upon us that we ought to shake off, and yet which we know have stuck to us, and grown stronger for years in spite of every resolution to rid ourselves of them.

The next report was that Rev. Mr. Bland was seriously unwell, and could not preach the following Sunday. I called, and was admitted to his study. He was sitting at a table in dressing-gown and slippers. He received me in a grave, quiet way, and when I asked for his health, he hesitated, and said he believed it was much as usual. After a pause, he added, "I am thinking of resigning the ministry."

I was thunderstruck. I had never met any one who so completely filled my ideal of the minister indeed. I hastily asked the

reason for his strange resolution.

"The apparent cause," said he, "would appear too insignificant; but it is not that. He has His way of trying us by means that seem to our fallible judgment wholly inadequate; but they serve—they serve His purpose. He has tried me severely. I have found myself deficient, sadly deficient, in all

those things which become the gospel teacher. I pray, William, that you may be spared the bitterness of finding, after years of experience in error, that you have mistaken your calling; "and he leaned his head on his hand, and seemed profoundly moved. I could not speak from sympathy.

At the moment there was a touch at the door, and the widow Griffin entered with a salver and napkin. She removed the latter, and showed a dish of delicious curds, and a

pitcher of thick sweet cream.

"'Stella told me you were not taking anything to eat," she said. "I know you were fond of this; and you must eat it, for I made

it with my own hands."

He thanked her, and looked at her earnestly. It made her blush and hesitate. To cover her confusion, she went on: "I have taken another liberty. 'Stella was much annoyed by a hog you have in this little yard. I made Ben take it in the wagon out to Dunhopen."

"Ma'am!" said he, starting up.

"But," said the frightened widow, "he can bring it back when you are well. 'Stella told me you prized it very highly. It shall be taken care of, or brought back, if you wish."

"No, no, thank you — that is, do as you please. I beg pardon." He was very much agitated. He walked up and down, stopped at the dish of curds, and tasted it, and then turned to the wondering woman. "I beg

your pardon. I believe — I am sure — you have saved my life, or at least my reason. If the devotion of a whole life —— "

I don't know exactly what followed, for I got an impression that there was one person too many in the room, and could not resist a suggestion that it was myself. But Rev. Mr. Bland did not resign the ministry — at least not at that time — and he did marry the widow Griffin.



## A WESTERN SEERESS

TWO minds are said to be en rapport when one reflects the other, independently of any artificial method of communication, as the shadow in the pool reflects surrounding objects. The process is ana-logous to telegraphy, the brain being the instrument, the consciousness the operator or reader; and it requires, as in that physicomechanical art, two instruments - one to originate the impression, the other to receive it. In the cant phrase of the day it is called clairvoyance, while it was known formerly as second sight and by various other names. The subject has received a fillip lately from Mr. Brown's exhibitions of some curious phenomena of thought-reading. The similar exhibitions of biologists, mesmerists, spiritualists are more familiar, and are generally explicable under the broad philosophy of humbug. But daily experience furnishes an example quite as striking and far reliable. A casual remark elicits the surprised rejoinder, "Why, I was just thinking of that!" although no previous subject or circumstance has led up to it. Such a coincidence may, it is true, be purely accidental, the range of ordinary thought, like the vocabulary of ordinary speech, being very

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limited. But the equation of chances shows that the concurrence should be infrequent, while, in point of fact, it occurs not once, but many times, in every man's experience. French philosopher seeks to explain such phenomena by laying down this proposition: "Minds in habitual collision acquire a duality of action, by which the sensorium receives reciprocal impressions, independently of communication through speech or sign." That this explanation is sufficient I shall not undertake to affirm: I merely cite it as the simplest, and because the simplest the most probable, elucidation of the mystery. The reports of Mr. Brown's exhibitions speak of a light that guides the medium to a concealed object. It might be invidious to deny this statement, but it is right to point out that this extraordinary piece of stage furniture introduces a second miracle, greater than the first — the appearance, namely, of a third intelligence, the light, with power to discriminate, and, more extraordinary, to affect peculiarly the optic nerve. Now, we can readily believe that a sleeper or a blind man will become gradually and indefinably conscious of an alien presence. A like curious sensibility is exhibited by a blinded bat set free in a room crossed with wires; the bat will never fly against the wires. The sleeper, the blind man, or the bat may have a general consciousness of something foreign, but it is too much to ask us to believe that the object is perceived. I do not wish

to bring upon myself the censure of the mediums and clairvoyants, as well as my friends, the Spiritualists, for thus disposing of that ghostly presence, the intelligent light, although, frankly, I see a difficulty in the existence here of a disembodied spirit deprived of the peculiar and extremely complicated machinery essential to protracted existence at the bottom of the encompassing atmospheric sea. I confess I am not versed in ghostly anatomy; but I think, subject to correction, that the spirits would get drowned. That is the practical way of putting it.

After the first difficulty of communicating without the aid of arbitrary sound or sign is removed, the obstacle of distance appears to be illusory. There is no reason, apparently,

to be illusory. There is no reason, apparently, why areas of space should affect the process more than in telegraphy. The current may pass and repass as generously, obeying a law of equilibrium in the minds affected. Of this we have many historic examples. Plutarch tells us that in the time of Domitian the report of a battle in Germany was published in Rome on the same day in which it was fought. Pope Honorius performed the funeral obsequies of Philip Augustus of France the very day on which the king died. Froissart relates how the Count de Foix was aware of the defeat of John of Castile the day on which it took place, "Saturday, the feast of Our Lady, in August, 1385." I take the brief account from the quaint old chronicler: "The

whole days of Sunday, Monday, and the following Tuesday he was in his castle of Orthès, and made such poor and melancholy meals that not one word could be drawn from him: nor would he during that time quit his chamber or speak to knight or squire, however nearly related by blood, unless he had sent for him; and it also happened that he even sent for some to whom he never opened his lips during these three days. On Tuesday, in the evening, he called his brother Arnold William, and said to him, in a low voice, 'Our people have had a desperate battle, which has vexed me very much, for it has happened to them just as I foretold at their departure.' Arnold William, who was a wise man and a prudent knight, well acquainted with the temper of his brother, was silent. The count, anxious to cheer up his courage, for he had too long nourished in his breast this sad news, added: 'By God, Sir Arnold! it is just as I have told you; and very soon we shall have news of it. Never has the country of Béarn suffered so severely these hundred years past as it has now in Portugal.' Many knights and squires who were present and heard the words of the count were afraid to speak, but commented within themselves on them.

"Within ten days the truth was known from those who had been in the battle, and they first told the count and all who wished to hear them everything relative to their disputes with the Castilians and the event of the battle of Aljubarota. . . . 'Holy Mary!' said I to the squire, 'how was it possible for the count to know, or even to guess at it, on the morrow after it happened?'"

A still more striking illustration of the phrenography of one mind on the sensitive electro plate of another occurs in Hugh Millar's early reminiscences. His father was lost in a storm off Peterhead, on the 10th of November, 1807. A letter had been received from him on the 9th, and in the evening of the following day the cottage door being unfastened, Hugh, then a child of five years, was sent to shut it. "Day," he writes, "had not wholly disappeared, but was fast posting into night. Within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as ever I saw anything, was a dissevered hand and arm stretched toward me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female; they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and, directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank, transparent space, through which I could see the dim form of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled."

It will be observed that it is not the father's form which appears; but his mind, looking out in that ghastly night and storm, among the whirling elements and toothlike crags of Cromarty Bay and headland, is reflected in the child's, and brought out more vividly in the chiaroscuro of the twilight. The black storm, hideous night, and bellowing sea are vague

concomitants, but more intense and vivid in the father's mind is the drowning woman's outstretched arm and hand, and this image lays its print upon the sensitive brain of the child. I do not think the fact explicable in any other way. To treat Hugh Millar's statement with scornful incredulity merely

suggests the weakness of the scientist.

It is worthy of remark that perils of the sea appear to excite this sensitiveness in a peculiar degree. An instance is mentioned by Dr. Conolly, in which the condition last illustrated was reversed. A gentleman in danger of wreck on the Eddystone rocks actually saw his family, according to his subsequent statement, at the moment of extreme peril. In this case we may suppose that his mind received an impression from that of some member of his household.

The same principle will serve to explain the coincident dreams cited in wonderbooks of spiritual science. Such is the case quoted on the authority of Mr. Joseph Taylor. A youth at an academy dreamed that he had returned home, tried the front door, and, finding it locked, entered by the back way. Going to his parents' room, he said, "Mother, I am going on a long journey, and am come to bid you good by." To which she replied, "Oh, my son, thou art dead." He instantly woke, and thought it a dream. But a letter from home, in due time, inquired anxiously about his health, relating a corresponding

dream of the mother, the appearance of her son, his remark, and her ejaculation of grief and alarm, precisely as in the boy's vision. Dr. Abercrombie says: "This singular dream must have originated in a strong, simultaneous impression on both minds, and it would be curious to trace its cause." But on the theory of sympathetic phrenography it is no more curious than that two friends should concur simultaneously in thought. The original dream was possibly in the son's mind, and reflected on the sensitive brain of the mother till the excited response, in a return wave, produced an impression on the son, and, breaking the chain of thought abruptly,

caused him to awake.

The prophecy of future events would seem to demand a different hypothesis. In the former examples the subjective mind received only an impression of what was actually existing as a thought in the corresponding brain. But as events of the future exist only in speculation, the visions are mere guesses, having no foundation in fact. Yet cases may occur of an apparently prophetic character which are explicable in the same way as those of ordinary clairvoyance. One is cited by Mr. Owen in his last interesting work on Spiritualism. A gentleman designing to make certain purchases selects in his mind the dealer, price, and wares. This magnetic influence — I use the term for want of one of known accuracy — goes out, anticipatory, to

the unconscious, sleeping mind of the shopkeeper. He knows from it that at a certain hour a stranger intends to come and purchase of his stock. When this is verified the dream assumes all the attributes of a prophecy, but had the purchaser previously expressed his intention, as, in fact, phrenographically, though not in speech, he did, there would have been no mystery beyond that of the mode of communication. And in regard to this we are surprised, not to learn that there is a certain sympathetic mood of communication — for that, in a very limited sense, may be familiar but at the extent and manner in which it is developed. It would be too curious to ascribe to accidental collisions in the magnetic ganglion of the cerebro-nervous system of the natural world the hideous Minotaurs engendered in gross minds, and sent buccaneering on the chaste seas of sleep, but it may avail to explain certain mysteries of literary composition. Phrases, apt illustration, nuggets of prose and verse fall from the pen, not as crude ore refined in the crucibles of thought, but coming ready made and fashioned to the text. Thus fruits gathered from our own garden wall prove at last to be our neighbor's apples which overhung the fence. As certain poetlings are now at loggerheads over a question of offspring, I tender this explication of a sympathetic co-origin in lieu of a decision like that of Solomon, which would give a separate half to each claimant.

It has been proposed to consider the sympathetic-nervous condition as a sixth sense. This theory might throw light on the present subject, besides suggesting a solution of the curious question of communication between the lower animals. More than that: we shall have reached a faculty bearing the same relation to language that speech bears to the art of writing. It does seem that the natural power of communication should rest on some wider basis than a mere convention to accept certain signs as the expression of

thought.

An interest in the subject, apart from the art of woven paces and waving hands, has been revived in the writer's mind by the relation of certain evidences of this sympathetic power which occurred in a respectable family in Bourbon County, Kentucky, between forty and fifty years ago. The person who displayed this peculiar gift was Mrs. Elizabeth Basey, and the facts are reported and firmly believed by a large circle of direct and collateral descendants. "Aunt Betty" was of the strong old pioneer blood, of a perfectly healthy habit and a certain brisk certitude in her family affairs, and as free from any morbid tendencies as could well be conceived. This contradicts the modern mesmerist's usual choice of a medium, but corresponds with the ancient Greek's description of persons thus endowed, as possessing "graceful features, unblemished body, quick wit, and fluent speech."\* These qualities the good dame had; and the implicit faith with which her visions were received will appear from the incidents to be related, which may serve also

to recall the manners of a bygone time.

It was a raw winter night. Avalanches of sleet swept down the gorges, and the wind scuffled about the hilltops like Jacob wrestling with the angel. Aunt Betty sat in the jowl of the chimney, the big log fire sparkling in spits of snow, and her busy needles twinkling like cold fires over the big yarn stocking. Now she pushed the jar of souring cream nearer the heat, and now stirred the logs till a river of sparks rushed up the broad vent. Her eldest son, the farmer, sat opposite, reading. Suddenly the knitting dropped in her lap. "George," she said, "you must ride to W——. Your brother and his friends have got into trouble, and they have shot a man — an officer of some sort—among them." As promptly as if in answer to a modern telegraphic despatch the young man mounted and faced the night, heavy clay roads and rocky fells, in a sweeping gallop. The sheriff had been killed, and young Basey, in danger of being arrested. being arrested as accessory or as witness against his friend, had gone into hiding. A few weeks later Aunt Betty roused the family with tears and lamentations. The fugitive was dying of disease contracted by exposure. He did die before any of the family could

<sup>\*</sup>Apuleius' "Discourse on Magic."

reach him, although the attempt was made.

The cotton gin had not at that time crystallized slavery into a system; increase of slaves, like the filling of the poor man's quiver, was a present expense certain, against a contingent benefit hereafter; and the duty of shifting for themselves fell on the heirs of the house as they matured. Two sons of the dame had settled in Illinois, but one of them had recently returned home to be married. The occasion was honored with feast and frolic till the poultry yard lay knee deep in sacrificial feathers. The farmhouse, grown from a log cabin by gradual accretion, sparkled with light from open doors and many dormer windows cocked over rambling roofs. Carriages with steps that let down like a fold of muslin, gigs on C-springs which the little pink fingers got blue in holding to, wagoncribs of bouncing girls rosy and sweet as apples, crowded the road in front, and busied the bobbing negroes, alert for a dime. Lemonade, egg-nogg, a mixture of weeds and whisky called a "grass punch," but since renowned as mint julep, and buckets of applejack, were placed conveniently for the burly farmers, who played "old sledge"—for the game in which "the knave beats the ace" had not yet come in - or locked horns over the bank veto, old court and new court, and other questions of the day. The supper-room glistened in old silver, and iced cakes, cooked in the Dutch oven, not made of pasteboard and shipped from the pastry cook's for show. Dandies in high-collared, short-tailed coats, gaiter-cut pantaloons, and pumps, frisked with belles in low-necked, short-skirted frocks, revealing the neat ankle in clocked stockings and crossed shoe-tie, while the monstrous shoulder of mutton sleeves gave a Cerberus-like appearance to the upper part of the figure. Minuet de la cour, quadrille, and Virginia reel succeeded each other within; on the porch without the negroes, giggling and jigging, responded with shuffling flat feet to the notes rasped forth by the deft bow of the fiddler.

In the midst of this high frolic, Aunt Betty felt her absent son thinking eagerly, rapidly, desperately with her mind, as with his own. She addressed the happy groom in a sharp whisper: "That man has shot your brother. No, no: your brother has cut him all to pieces—all to pieces. You must start for Illinois to-night: your wife and I will follow.

Go — go at once.

It was certainly an occasion for hesitation. Had any doubt been felt, the son would have demurred, but there was none. The family knew the infallible character of the mother's premonitions. In half an hour the bridegroom was mounted and on a rapid ride several hundred miles to his brother's neighborhood.

He found the facts to be these: A popular man, sturdy, hard headed, but not unkindly, had taken deep offence at some word or act of the Kentuckian's, and snapped a pistol at him. Instantly he was in the claws of the young tiger cat, and fell from his grasp hacked and butchered. This was mere justifiable homicide; but the times were critical, crime frequent, the law inoperative, and society had resolutely pronounced, "The next man who kills another hangs." The prisoner was remanded, rather for his protection than punishment, and meanwhile the purpose gathered head. Men looked askance at the little stockade of a jail: "Perhaps this killing was provoked. Likely—it always is. We approve of law in a general way, but if the law breaks down, then men must do justice themselves." That is the run of the argument at such times. I have seen such a body of men standing in the face of a drizzly March morning over the corpse of a poor, cruelly drowned wretch, cold, impassive, resolute. All that day on which the bridegroom reached it the town was quiet, silent, Sunday like — very few persons in the streets or at the tavern bar or court house. As he entered the jail, a Vigilant said, not unkindly, "His brother, hey? Say to him, if he wants any little thing sot, to have it sot now: he won't have no time to-night, nor yit to-morrer."
"Is it that bad, Jerry?" asked the bride-

groom, in his ruffles and fine, road-stained cloth.

"Bad enough, squire. I speak as a friend. I wouldn't hurt a fly. Some of us tried, but it can't be; it's done sot."

He went in; the jailer was roughly polite, but would make no assurance of defence. "It's just a shell," he said of the jail: "a yoke o' steers 'd pull it all apart." Nor would he be bribed. "No, siree; that'll git me into it 'stid o' him. Them boys is 'arnest. Sorry to say, but it's night, and clean agin orders. You must git outen this."

"Let me speak to my brother alone. You can stand outside the door if you like, and lock it. There are some things a man wishes to say he does not want over-

"In course, in course," said the jailer, and letting him in, closed and locked the door. After a while, getting impatient, he called out that he "must get a light and inspect!"
"Never mind," was answered, "I am

coming; "and then within, "I will tell mother and — all you have said. Good by!" and

the brothers embraced and parted.

The surly jailer saw the one come out, and feeling the soft nap of the broadcloth in the dark entry, said, "Now g'long, straight forrard;" and the grieving brother plunged into the dark, mounted and rode rapidly off.

"Gwine to the jedge's," commented the jailer, listening to the sound of the horse's feet. "That cock won't fight."

No, for no sooner had the rider disappeared than the mob, knowing his influence and energetic character, proceeded to task.

"If he has a dozen hours to get his friends together, there will be a fight over it," said the

leader; "we must avoid that."

Jerry, the ostensible leader and chief executioner, headed the assault; the door was sprung; the passage entered, then the cell. On a low settle that served for a bed, his elbows on his knees, the palms down, his shoulders rounded and his head bent forward, sat the prisoner. Two torches drowned out the feeble light cast by the poor tallow dip on the Bible he had been reading. The leader of the mob spoke. The prisoner quietly raised his head and looked at him calmly, indifferently in the face. All heroic things are simple. It was the bridegroom brother!

The mob knew and personally liked him.

"Where is your brother?"
"Gone," he replied, coolly, apparently comparing the toes of his boots. There was refreshing strength in his very placidity.

"Hell! How'd he git out?

"Walked out, as I will if you have no use for me. 'Tisn't a flowery bed of ease, Jerry, as the hymn book says; " and the new Damon drew up his tall form and shook himself like a horse in his saddle trappings.

"No, it ain't," said Jerry, reluctant and

hesitating as he peered ridiculously about. "Come, you haven't anything against me," said the bridegroom, advancing. "I got here before you, and the bird is flown; that is all;" and he walked out.

In this case the condition of the clair-voyante in the midst of the described gayety refutes the theory of the pseudo-Platonists, that the bodily senses are closed to external objects, as in sleep, while the reflective and discursive faculties are still awake and active, and the spiritual faculty is excited to the highest state of energy.\* Rejecting this fallacious division, which assumes to create a difference by giving different names to one faculty, we arrive at the truth — that only when the attention is fixed or excited is the phenomenon observed; and this brings it under the common law applicable to ordinary perception.

The relation that follows belongs to that history of adventure in the Southwest which must one day form a chapter in our national

annals.

As early as 1823–24 the commerce with Santa Fé, El Paso, Chihuahua, Sinaloa, Sonora, and Lower California — a small, trickling stream that preceded the great freshet we all remember — required treaty protection from the United States Senate. The trade was estimated at a hundred and ninety thousand dollars per annum, carried on by caravans of eighty or one hundred men, who exchanged calicoes, bread, and ammunition for furs, mules, and bullion. Gregg estimated the product of the placer mines in 1832–33 at about eighty thousand dollars per annum.

One of Aunt Betty's brood of pioneers had been hunting on the Arkansas, Canadian, and South Red rivers, salting, packing, and shipping the buffalo beef, at Nacogdoches principally. Rumors of gold washings came through the fur companies, and the trains of pack mules, hardy trappers, and strange stories of huge stone cities fired the ardent imaginative pioneer blood, and led the youth to incur the parile of wild tribes that infacted. to incur the perils of wild tribes that infested the curious natural platform lying beyond the Mississippi. That plateau, bounded by the ocean, the peaks of Wind River chain and the southern isthmus, is the cradle of the Aztecs. Fremont's Peak, the boss of a huge buckler, rises over an expanse as varied as the symbols on Achilles' shield, whose "utmost verge a threefold circle bounds." Cis-Mississippi is the heir of sunken Atlantis, dowered in its wealthy watersheds of primordial rivers, with buried mineral (gold) and fertile treasure. Trans-Mississippi, if not older, is different in its physical history. A great ocean projected from the latitude of the Southern Gulf to the Arctic, and a wide shallow sea lay west of the river line, its bottom a huge metamorphic biscuit, slowly cooking and slowly cooling. A giant left hand, the finger tips at Santa Fé, the shoulder of the thumb at Mexico, the hollow of the palm at Chihuahua, was put under the cake, lifting it slowly, an inch in a thousand years. The plateau made by the undulating flattened crest of the Sierra Madre,

the true divortium aquarum, retains the handmark in an elevation of 7,047 feet at Santa Fé, 7,990 at Mexico, 4,476 at Chihuahua, and a gradual slope to the small of the palm at the Mississippi. It is the largest plateau in the world. The diluvial water running off during the elevation carved out valleys, leaving that flat normal surface in huge llanos. was the biscuit so carefully handled as not to crack in five great ranges; and we may infer that a subsidence followed, which brought in the water, widening the valleys and cutting the sharp bluffs of the llanos in the lower strata. Life rushed in and fed the new land abundantly. The salt brine seethed, moistened the grand galvanic plates, and generated magnetic electricity, disengaging sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphuric ethers, and acids from mineral, animal, and vegetable decay. These sulphurous elements tainted the biscuit, and, giving a new character to the strata, added an acrid bitter to the water veins, like nothing so much as an excess of soda in bread. soda biscuit is enormous, a series of gypsum strata extending from the network of Boggy Creek to the Rock of Zuni.

The topographic features are more the work of erosion than upheaval. The normal surface is preserved in the tablelands, plated with dolomite and containing characteristic *Inoceramus*, *Gryphea*, *Ostrea*, *Pecten*. These plains are bounded by sharp bluffs, and where they are scattered over the huge slope the

view resembles ice-cuttings in the glacial harvest on Northern lakes, slid in huge cakes on the smooth, polished, frozen water surface, their regular edges glittering with prismal white, yellow, and red. The largest of these superincumbent tables or cakes is the Llano Estacado, or Great American Desert, having a thin carpet of grama grass, *Tripsacum dactyloides*. Others lie adjacent in hummocks, pyramids, tetons, the writing of the strata showing an identity of origin and constitution. The diluvial and alluvial of subsidence and elevation have left aroyos, or pool-beds, salinas,

smoking hills and salt lakes.

This plain of the flattened Mexican Andes, like its Asiatic counterpart which cradled the Aryan, has controlled great national movements by its physical character. That the Aryan emigrates by parallels of latitude is an axiom, but the axiom must be modified to isothermal parallels to make it general. The Aztec, obeying the same climatic law, crosses the plane of Aryan emigration at right angles. Following the high, flattened crest of the Mexican Andes, the star of his empire took its way southward, planting its strange, majestic stone cities along the Rio del Norte and the Gila to the Valley of Mexico and the shores of the Pacific. When the huge fabric of that Indian civilization in its spread broke by its own weight, and crumbled in the strange internecine strifes of disintegrating peoples, so well illustrated in the warring cities of Italy after

the fall of Rome, hostile tribes were found everywhere, the chase their sport, war their passion. The preserved memorial of their ancient civilization is in their temple-building, modes of interment, fire, or phallic worship, and, strange to say, a legal-tender currency (shell-money) accepted over a greater spread of territory than that over which our green-backs prevail.

With this synoptical view of the physical character and history of the country into which Aunt Betty's youngest son, the Benjamin of her hopes, was pushing his fortunes, we can, perhaps, dispense with the usual geographical details, which too often convey nothing definite

to the mind.

The boy added to his love of adventure the fair hopes of a lucrative trade among the Pueblos and half-breed Spaniards. Bit calicoes brought a dollar; beads, glass trinkets, leaden images, at a penny a gross, brought their weight in gold-dust; furs, bullion, mules were cheap for barter, and the last carried the stock back to the settlements and paid all expenses. If those at home could judge from the mirror of the mother's spirits, the journey was exhilarating. At times she said that the trading party had set out too late, that her son frequently urged them forward, but that the party seemed indifferent, and delayed for hunting or Indian trade days and weeks. Once she spoke of an adventure in the snow, and what seemed to be an attack

upon a deer-park or fortification made in the snow by the bucks against the wolves; but the impression was vague and unsatisfactory. But there came an evening over her log fire in the late autumn when the tears rolled down the kind, gray cheeks and shone on the bright steel needles. The depression continued for days, during which she spoke only at intervals, describing what she felt or saw. The reader will gather it better from a connected account.

It was a dark, cloudy evening, the air of that moist, mephitic quality that forebodes snow or rain. The campers were on a tongue that jutted out from a high, level plain, against whose abrupt cliffs the black surf of mist beat like a heavy atmospheric sea. The broad depths of level, sinking in horizontal gloom, were broken by the line of a creek that wound through a rocky dell under steep, overhanging sides, worn in hollow caverns. To the view above, it was an irregular crack in the plate, in which the black green of cedar and pine foliage was obscurely visible. South-ward lay the bed of diluvial valleys, with island-like pyramids and knots of cottonwood stretching far and wide below. The clouds banked the sky in great blue-black welts that drew a sharp mural escarpment above the horizon. The sun had dropped below that black wall, but all above it, and bringing out its solid, rocklike embankment, rolled up great torrents of angry fire, as if the world beyond was burning with intense destructive

fury. By degrees, between ascending cloud and descending sun, columns of mist, like great rolling black smoke, overspread the wall, obscured its sharp crest, and hung down like huge black sacks of storm. The close, mephitic air was perceptible to Aunt Betty's sympathetic nerves as she sat by the great log fire.

But there was an unformed, indefinable foreboding in her mind, the reflection of her son's apprehension, occasioned by the Indan signs seen that day. He knew well that to meet Indians on the Plains so late in the season meant a desperate battle for food.

At nightfall the snow came — soft, white, illuminating. It saved them: in the open plain, now light with that soft, cold, brilliant white, the black bodies of the savages were plainly visible; but it did not prevent an attack. On the contrary, they made one of those desperate, energetic, persistent assaults which characterize the warfare of the North American Indians, the first natural warriors in the world. Go where you will — to the African Bushmen, Caffres, Bedouin Arabs, Tartars, Kabyles, Otaheitans, Australians—the only savage that will desperately and perseveringly charge and recharge fortifications is the American Indian. He does not do it often, it is true, but he will do it on occasion, and with a fierce intrepidity which no disciplined valor can surpass.

Such an attack was made now, but the whites were prepared and better armed, and fought from the corral as a fortification. The savages were bloodily repulsed, and a little after midnight disappeared altogether. A discussion followed as to the possible renewal of hostilities, the majority arguing against it. Aunt Betty's boy and a Canadian voyageur of the party contended that the very desperation of the first assault indicated a second. "The Indians," said the former, "were probably starving; the traders' provisions were necessary to life." The voyageur referred to a desperate attack of the Crows a few years before on a stronger party, which had been prolonged and persisted in for days. "These," said the leader, "are Kioways or Comanches, and not so plucky."

However, it was thought prudent to wait a day and study the country, but events prevented any exploration. All that night the snow fell — not in flurries, but steadily. In the morning the whole country was sheeted. Aunt Betty's boy probed it: "This snow, which saved, will ruin us. We must clear a field, or the Indians will attack under a sure

cover."

A snow plough is no elaborate work. Holes let in the sideboards of the wagon for plough handles and thills or gearing, and the machine is made. A dozen of these swept the field in a frolic. The snow was banked up about the corral with salients and lunettes. They had a snow-fort, with a clear glacis and open field. But still the clouds wove that thick, moist,

treacherous cover. It came in great clots and wefts, falling heavier and heavier. Any plan of exploration to discover the track of the Indians was out of the question. They could only wait, and as they waited the snow fell. "This cursed snow is fighting against us,"

said Aunt Betty's boy.

"Who cares?" said the leader. "The Indians are gone, we have lots of rations;

let it fight."

But Aunt Betty's boy did not believe the Indians were gone. The Indians were hungry, and must have food. The snow was fighting for the savage, and he was a soldier, in his way. The boy measured the new snow on the glacis — six inches. By morning it would be a foot or eighteen inches. It was now nightfall of the second night. When he came down after circling the camp the leader was nodding at the fire, and all but the sentries rolled up in their blankets. The trees and umbrage were knolls of snow, the black maw of the creek bed was wiped out. It looked like one smooth plain above and one below, and the jagged cliffs were all rounded and softened.

By and by the sentries came trickling in not to stay, but to warm themselves and gossip a little. After a while they returned to their posts. Presently they trickled back again, and every time more trickled and their stay was longer. At last they were all at the fire, chewing, smoking, tiring one another with sympathetic yawns and sleepy talk. Aunt Betty's boy shifted uneasily, went out, and circled the little fort again. He saw no signs but one; the snow was ten inches deep, and falling like great white cloths, one after the other, one after the other — so busy and yet so deadly silent. He went to the captain and said abruptly, "The snowfall will cover an attack now, and it lies over a foot deep. The men must be waked and the snow ploughs geared up."

"Bosh!" repeated the sleepy captain, pecvishly. "Who bosses this ranch? You are scared; go to bed. There aren't no Injuns in fifty mile o' here; none ain't been seen for

twenty hours and more."

"They will be on us by morning," said the boy resolutely, "and in this snow we'll have no more chance than a baby in bed.

Get up and do your duty."

"D—n my duty!" said the captain. "You had better mind your own business. 'A baby in bed,' indeed! well, go to bed, baby." And, having chuckled over that retort, he rolled himself up in his blanket and snored.

The sentries, all lying round the fire, heard what was said. The boy turned to them and asked, "Will any of you fellows help to gear up

and clear away the snow?"

They looked at one another. "Our watch is about out; suppose you try the relief?" was the conclusion.

When that came the proposal was made.

"And why didn't them fellows do it?" growled the relief. "I'll be shot if we do."

Having settled that, and the posts on the glacis being cold, they sat down over the fire

to a game of "old sledge."

Then Aunt Betty's boy went to the voyageur, who had shared his apprehensions. The man only said, "Go away; I am sleepy."

After that the boy went out again, and returned. He then led out his horse, wounded in the night fight. There was a great sob in his throat, for it was a home-bred filly, but he blew off his emotion as men and whales do, and drew his hunting knife across the poor creature's windpipe. She fell with a dull thud.

"Hello! what are you doing thar, Ken-

tuck?" called a voice from the card players.
"Putting her out of her misery," said

Kentuck, briefly.

"And what are you a-butcherin' of her

for?" queried the other after a pause.

"Shet yer head, Piute," interrupted his card partner. "Don't ye see he's gwine to be askinnin' of her? Play!"

Aunt Betty's son disappeared. The moist, soft dusk of snow and mystery came down and enveloped him utterly. The last seen of him has been said. How or by what means he disappeared from that circle of twenty feet, became absorbed in the dense, unutterable gloom of nothingness, was unknown. The incidents of the battle, of the camp, all the details, and more than are given here, were

preserved and published. A broad noon sun was poured upon every transaction up to that point; and then suddenly the boy is snatched up from the body of his slaughtered horse, and is gone! The subsequent tragedy of the camp was known, in much of its detail, also; but the fact about Aunt Betty's son, Kentuck, was only inferential, and that inference was — death. Doubted for years by those who hoped against hope, and then confirmed by the strong concurrence of every absolute test and fact possible, save one. Opposed to this was his mother's single word:

she *felt* that her son was not dead.

A year later a broken, half-wild white, thrown from tribe to tribe like a fire bucket over a surging mob, told the story of that night's disaster. Soon after Kentuck began to skin his horse this man had to go out of the camp. He asked one and another of his friends to accompany him. Busy at their cards, all refused. Kentuck made no answer at all; he was busy about the horse. The man had hardly got beyond the glacis before the attack began. The Indians had burrowed under the snow, through the soft snow-walls, and burst upon them. He could see the slaughter from his gloomy hiding, and mark the men as they fell. There was no resistance; it was butchery.

The story was published, copied into the Kentucky papers — some old men may remember it — and the man was sought out by

Aunt Betty's family. He gave the details as they are given here, verifying Aunt Betty's vision, and explaining parts of it. Asked about the fate of her son, he assured them that he must have been one of the first victims, and that his escape was absolutely an impossibility. He was in the circle of light, inevitably seen, and as certainly slain. There was hardly a possibility that even one sleeper escaped by being away from the light, but no possibility for the rest. The evidence was as strong as Nature and circumstance could make it.

Yet Aunt Betty persisted that he was not dead; she felt that he was alive. For a few years this strong faith, in connection with her established correctness, affected the incredulity of the family. But year after year passed, and not a word or a sign came to justify her persistent faith. Then the day arrived when she must lay down this burden of life. In Christian resignation she accepted that, as she had accepted all the duties of life and fulfilled them. But even in her last hour she repeated her assurance that her son was alive. If he came back some day, as she believed he would, she wished the undying love and blessing of the dying mother to be given to him.

The Mexican war and General Kearney's expedition opened up that strange country; the gold was found in California; adventure was quickened. Then, after seventeen years of absence, brown, hale, hearty, a fine, middle-

aged man, apparently well to do, rode up the tanbark road and alighted. It was the longlost son and brother.

His story of his escape, adventures, and settlement was a strange one. When he found that his companions disregarded his warning, he hesitated what to do. His mind was divided, one half grieving for the horse and all it represented to him, the other eagerly searching the void for means of escape. He had read or heard of a man's hiding in the hollow of a buffalo from the burning prairie — an idle story, perhaps, but suggestive. But could he get into the cavity after removing the entrails? He would try. He was slender, supple, small of his age. The horse was disemboweled, and the intestines buried in the snow. When it came to the effort, to making his bed in that raw, reeking flesh, his sensibilities revolted. He did not believe it was possible, physically or morally. The gap was too small, the hollow too horrible. Then he heard the warwhoop, and, to use his own words, he "jumped in like it was a church door." Over him reeled and staggered that short, sharp, bloody massacre; it was done almost before he had time to think; and it was still dark. The closeness suffocated him, the reek and fresh gouts of blood sickened and nauseated him. Then came thirstdeadly, hot, fierce thirst—licking up the blood in his veins with a tongue of fire. He could hear the shouts and orgies of the

savages, and knew that after plundering they were eating, gorging, and maddening themselves on the traders' whisky. One drunken savage stumbled over the poor brute, and lay snorting, his drunken breath actually filling the nostrils of the prisoner a few inches from Fortunately his companions hauled the savage away by the heels, and mad, burnt up with fierce, intolerable thirst, Kentuck thrust out a hand and gathered the bloody snow. How deliciously cool it was! He fed his ravenous passion at intervals, and as he did so he became conscious of an external warmth. The sweat poured from him and drenched him, for the vital heat of the poor animal had been preserved by the occupant of the carcass hours after.

It was afternoon before the Indians gathered the spoils and left, burning what they could not carry, for they would not encumber themselves with the wagons. They never do. When finally he ventured out, it was night. Cooking portions of the horse, and taking as much of the flesh as he could carry, he set out on the Santa Fé trail. The other fugitive had returned to the settlement; the Kentuckian went forward, chiefly because the Indians had taken the contrary route.

taken the contrary route.

The details of his subsequent adventure must be omitted. He reached Santa Fé, and, after knocking about for some months, took service with a Spaniard who had been governor of the province when under Spanish rule.

His courage and activity, in contrast with the lethargy and unthriftiness of the Pueblo slave and half-breed, won him favor; and when the Spaniard's pretty daughter returned from the convent of Our Lady of Sorrows, she shared in her father's partiality. The conclusion tells itself. The young man had written, but in the disturbed condition of Mexico the letter was lost. At a remote hacienda on the Gila there was no opportunity to communicate overland.

In a review of these incidents the question asked by the writer will occur to the reader: If such a power existed, why was there no revelation of the son's affairs in the long interval, beyond the mere fact of his existence? No satisfactory answer was given, but this may be surmised: An acute exciting cause is necessary for a well-defined impression, and none seems to have occurred in the son's life after his escape. Secondly, phrenography belongs rather to pictorial representation of scenes and ideas than the art of oral or written communication. Its analogy is rather to photography than telegraphy. Without some conscious effort on the part of the son to present his thought in a mood to identify his location, the discovery would be difficult, if not impossible, and the involuntary character of the phenomena puts such an experiment out of the question. It is curious to remark in the close that while the optic nerve is some-times sympathetically excited to a high degree,

the sense of hearing does not seem to respond with equal facility. Yet the masculine and vigorous genius of the author of *Jane Eyre* has seized upon the analogy with such force and simplicity of application as to cause its tacit admission within the possible pale of

sympathetic communication.

After all, what mystery is there in it beyond the mystery of our daily lives? It is to our own ever-quick, responsive nature we owe all knowledge, and the question is less of perception than interpretation. As parts of one grand economy nothing happens foreign to it, were we but skilled to read the delicate instrument whose graphic finger is on our pulse and brain.

# THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH $BOOK\ II$ POETRY



Written for and dedicated to the Episcopal Church, Richmond, Va., A.D., 1866

A wonderful fable, first told when the earth Was glad in its primeval hours.

While the birds were first trying the carols of mirth,

And the land was so proud of its flowers.

All the crowns of the stars, as they sparkle, were new,

In the newly spread heaven above, Ere life was a struggle to rend and to rue, And was perfect in lessons of love.

Now this wonderful Fable was told in the days,
When everything bright had a voice
To sing the unsyllabled anthems of praise,
To the full, as the angels rejoice;
And the skies and the seas and the earth and the
air

Were the symbols by night and by day, Of a love that was perfect in a world that was fair And proof against Death and Decay.

For this glorious fable was spoken to show
How that God, in each wonderful change,
Created in recreating below
All the Good, with economy strange.
It was told of a bird, like a beautiful dawn,
Freshly painted with pencils of light,
When down from the heavens, the curtain is

drawn

Of the shadowy glory of Night.

Its wings were the symbolized passion of Love,
Folding close the beloved to the heart;
Or in spreading, to rise to his Temple above,
Where God holds the portals apart.
At twilight, at morning, by noonday or night,
It arose from Earth's velvety sod,
And the people who looked on its wonderful flight
Felt their souls rise with it up to God.

This bird, we are told, when its days here below Were all gathering fast to the close, Plucked twigs of the spicewood and fruit from the bough

And the petals that fall from the rose,
And heaped them together, with wonderful art,
In the form of a funeral pyre,
When folding its wings, on the love-brooding heart,

It was burned in the odorous fire.

But more wonderful still, as the story is told,

From the ashes that sank in perfumes,
The bird rose again with the purple and gold,
And the flash of the flame in its plumes;
The fire, instinct in its wonderful form,
Shone out in each feather and line,
And the breath of the spice and the rose's young
charm

Around it swam bravely and fine.

And still; though the fable's as old as the hills, Its lesson can never pass by;

For every eye brightens and every heart fills
At the thought that the right cannot die.

And the Southerners look on the ashes and feel,
That again, as the fable has shown,
We shall find in the pyre of fire and steel
A country and church of our own.

#### **ADONAIS**

Whose annual wound to Lebanon allured. The Syrian damsels, to lament his fate, In amorous ditties all a summer's day.— Milton.

Shall we meet no more, my love, at the binding of the sheaves,

In the happy harvest field as the sun sinks low? When the orchard paths are dim with the drift of falling leaves,

And the reapers sing together, in the mellow, misty eyes.

Oh! Happy are the apples when the south winds blow.

Love met us in the orchard, ere the corn had gathered plume,—

Oh! Happy are the apples, when the south winds blow;

Sweet as summer days that die when the months are in their bloom,

And the peaks are ripe with sunset like the tassels of the broom,

In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low.

Sweet as summer days that die at the ripening of the corn,—

Oh! Happy are the apples when the south winds blow —

Sweet as lover's fickle oaths, sworn to faithless maids forsworn,

When the musty orchard breathes, like a mellow drinking horn,

Over happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low.

Love left us at the dying of the mellow autumn eves,

Oh! Happy are the apples when the south wind blows:

When the skies are rich and fading, as the colors of the leaves,

And the reapers kiss and part, at the binding of the sheaves,

In the happy harvest fields, as the sun sinks low.

Then the reapers gather home from the gray and misty meres,

Oh! Happy are the apples when the south winds blow;

Then the reapers gather home, and they bear upon their spears

Love, whose face is like the moon's fallen gray among the spheres

With the daylight's blight upon it as the sun sinks low.

Faint as far-off bugles blowing, sweet and low the reapers sung,

Oh! Happy are the apples when the south winds blow;

Sweet as summer in the blood, when the heart is ripe and young,

Love is sweetest in the dying, like the sheaves he lies among,

In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks low.

#### THE STAB

Of sudden stabs in groves forlorn.—Hood's Eugene Aram.

On the road, the lonely road,
Under the cold white moon,
Under the ragged trees, he strode;
He whistled, and shifted his heavy load;
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step timed with his own;
A figure that stooped and bowed;
A cold white blade that flashed and shone,
Like a splinter of daylight downward thrown—
And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out, so broad and good,
The barn cock woke and crowed;
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood,
And the brown owl called to his mate in the
wood,
That a dead man lay on the road.

#### CATALINA'S BETROTHAL

My lover lived by sea and shore; he sailed the Spanish Main —

Oh! The long round wave comes rolling up to shore

From Port-au-Prince to Barbadoes, and fair Cadiz, in Spain.

Oh! Summer keep your summer seas until he comes again.

For loud the wild winds rave and cry like ghosts about the door.

- We said the Creed to Festa's wont; we danced the bolero
  - And the long round wave comes rolling up to shore.
- Genita frowns, Pepita pouts, because he loves me so;
- He told me so a hundred times, before I let him go, For loud the wild winds rave and cry like ghosts about the door.
- With purple dyes and scented wood, the ship went down the bay,
  - And the long round wave came rolling up to shore
- As sinks the light below the sea, I saw it sail away To bring me silks and Spanish lace against the wedding day.
  - And loud the wild winds rave and cry like ghosts about the door.
- I told the padre how the winds come crying every night,
  - And the long round wave comes rolling up to shore;
- He gave me three novenas for a southwind low and light
- That clothe the silken seas in lace and veils of Spanish white.
  - But loud the wild winds rave and cry like ghosts about the door.
- And all night long Los Nortes came; I heard them shriek and cry,
  - And the long round wave come rolling up to shore;

And fearful things, far out at sea, that neither live nor die

Laid their long wings along the hills and beat the sea and sky,

And loud the wild winds rave and cry like ghosts about the door.

I heard a ship, gun after gun, through all the stormy night —

And the long round wave come rolling up to shore:

And something, like a bird, that comes with breast and wings of white,

To wives of sailors lost at sea, against the window light,

When loud the wild winds rave and cry like ghosts about the door.

I chose the dress he loves the best, the window opened wide.

And the long round wave came rolling up to shore;

I knelt before the crucifix, as if close by his side,

While something seemed to speak for him, I answered like a bride,

And loud the wild winds rave and cry like ghosts about the door.

I heard the neighbors at the church, through all the storm and strife,—

While the long round wave came rolling up to shore;

At mass before the uprisen Host who is the Lord of Life,

I knew He heard the words that made me wedded, widowed wife.

And loud the wild winds rave and cry like ghosts about the door.

And though they frown to hear me say: He sails the Spanish Main —

And the long round wave comes rolling up to shore:

I know my life is like the sea: below its cross of pain,

It keeps its treasures hidden close until he comes again,

And loud the wild winds rave and cry like ghosts about the door.

#### THE LIGHTHOUSE ROCK

Over the shingle, and over the main,
The wave breaks over the Lighthouse rock;
A lady there lived; the beauty of Spain;
The South brings sorrow; the West brings rain.
But the dead can never come back again,
When the wild sea chickens begin to flock.

Over the Shingle in Sixty Nine,
The wave breaks over the Lighthouse rock;
The sun came out of a bath of wine,
And the reef was ragged and jagged and bare,
With a scowl on the sea and a fit in the air,
And the wild sea chickens began to flock.

The wind blew East, and the rain was black;—
The wave breaks over the Lighthouse rock;

And a ship came in, on the starboard tack.
But the wind came South and the rain was white,
And the ship was a splinter of chips that night,
Where the wild sea chickens begin to flock.

Over the shingle and over the sand; —
The wave breaks over the Lighthouse rock;
A corpse took hold of my lady's hand.
It said, "You have come for your salvage, ma'am;
The South brings sorrow, and here I am,
Where the wild sea chickens began to flock."

She made him a shroud of her satin gown,—
The wave breaks over the Lighthouse rock;
She brought him in state, into Lighthouse Town;
This was my husband, cruel and cross,
The South brings sorrow and Life brings loss,
When the wild sea chickens begin to flock.

Over this dead man's ship they passed,—
The wave breaks over the Lighthouse rock;
They kindled corpse candles over the mast.
But the Magdalene Sea, on its christen trough,
Has scoured my sins and his sorrow off,
When the wild sea chickens begin to flock.

He lies like a noble man, brave in the shroud—
The wave breaks over the Lighthouse rock,
But the heart within me is glad and proud,
For this is the salvage I ought to him,
Of the keeper who lets his lamp burn dim,
When the wild sea chickens begin to flock.

For Death brings the dead love back to life — The wave breaks over the Lighthouse rock,

And I am this dead man's own true wife; For the mad sea, sick of my passion and pain Has brought me my first love back again, When the wild sea chickens began to flock.

When the winds blow into the harbor mouth;
The wave breaks over the Lighthouse rock;
As the rain turns white on the windy South,
Like a ghost of the Earth or a wraith of the air,
Is the cry of a lady, with snow-white hair.
The wild sea chickens begin to flock.

#### THE TWILIGHT OF THE HEART

When Day is dying in the West,
Through shadows, faint and far,
It holds, upon its gentle breast,
A tender, nurseling star;
As if to symbolize above,
How shines a pure young mother's love.
I watch the sun depart;
A whisper seems to say,
So comes the twilight of the heart,
More beautiful than day.

The listless summer sleeps in green,
Among my orange flowers;
The lazy south wind steals between
The lips of languid hours;
As if Endymion, lapped in fern,
Lay dreaming of the Moon's return.
The long years seem to part
Like shadows cold and gray,

To show the twilight of the heart More beautiful than day.

Old hopes and wishes seem to breathe
The gentle evening air,
Of Love and Sorrow, laid beneath
A faded fold of hair:
Life had no other love to give,
Love had another life to live,
In valleys far apart,
In which the poets say
There is a twilight of the heart
More beautiful than day.

I seem to see the smiling eyes
That loved me long ago,
Look down the pale and tranquil skies,
In all the afterglow;
The still delight; the smiles and tears
Come back, through all the silent years,
In which we are apart
As if they came to say,
Now is the twilight of the heart
More beautiful than day.

#### THE REAPERS

When the tired reapers, with fragrant sheaves,
Come out of the corn as the sun goes down,
And the sky is rich as the falling leaves,
In crimson and purple and golden brown,
I sit in the mellow and marvelous eves,
And watch as the loom of the sunset weaves,
Its cloth of gold over country and town.

And I think how the summers have come and gone,
Since we saw the shuttle, across the blue,
That wove the colors of dusk and dawn,
Where the musk of the sleeping roses flew,
On the wings of the southwind, over the lawn,
And the waning shadows were longer drawn,
And the sun was low, and the stars were few.

When Love was sweet in the lives we led,
As the leaven that lives in the latter spring;
To grow in the flowers, the books we read,
The romp and rush of the grapevine swing;
In words and work, to be filled and fed,
On brooks of honey and wastel bread
And sung in the songs that we used to sing.

And out of the shadows they come to me,
As flowers of the spring come, year by year;
The lovers we had, when to love was free;
The stars were few and the skies were clear,
And we knew it was happiness just to be
In a world so gracious and fair to see,
While the weary reapers were drawing near.

Though the red and white roses have lost their leaves,

In the ashes of summers of long ago,
They come in the mellow and marvelous eves,
With the harvest of love that we used to sow,
As rich as the garlands the sunset weaves,
When the tired reapers, with fragrant sheaves,
Come out of the corn and the sun is low.

#### THE OLD CANOE

Only an old canoe Hewed out of a cypress log, Half sunk in a saw-grass bog, And suncracked through and through.

In the live-oak crotch on the bluff,
A lookout scans the horizon
Of sallow saw-grass; but deep enough,
In the channel, to swim a bison.
A bow shot south of the slough,
There is many a wattled hut and thatch;
Cornfield, melon, potato patch,
Rots with the old canoe;
Dead as the bones that lie
In the shell marl, under our feet,
By the thousands, withering white and dry,
In their chalky winding-sheet;
The graves of a nation lived all through
That left no sign but the old canoe.

Over fifty years ago,
The women came wailing, two by two,
To see the tall warriors, all arow,
Follow their chief to the war canoe,
That lay by yon little sedgy shelf,
And watch the rowers row;
The paddle swing, like the heron's wing,
The young chief going to give himself,
A hostage, for Philip the King,
And his squaw must watch at the live oak crotch,
For a word that a bird of the air will bring.

Coo-a-coo-chee has broken his parole; Slipped from a casemate and out of a porthole, His fetters left for the next deserter. But, after he passed, Was a shuddering shriek like the cry of murder, And the hoofs of riders riding fast, And when he came in the war canoe, The robe of scarlet, purple, and blue, Of the King in Hamlet, was dabbled red By a new wig torn from an actor's head.

As they sat at feast of the ripened corn
The wise old Philip spoke of ease
And of peace, beyond the narrow seas,
But Coo-a-coo-chee was full of scorn,
Of the White's man's cunning to deceive,
And the squaw wife waiting at his side,
Looked down and said, "How can we leave
The grave of the little one that died?"

But Coo-a-coo-chee had broken his parole! Recaptured under a flag of truce, The fetters clink for the long gun barrel; Shot pouch, moccasin, deerskin trews, He lies in irons in Tampa Bay, His captors warning him every day To send for his people. Thereto he said, "If my people listen to hear my word The rattle of my chains is heard; And they will not heed, they are afraid. Then said the White Chief,\* "Choose you, men; In forty days, if they come again, And bring your warriors, war shall cease; You and your people shall go in peace. If not, at the end of the fortieth day You hang at the yard-arm in Tampa Bay.

<sup>\*</sup>General Jesup, U. S. A.

Once more and no more, the old canoe, By winding waterways, goes and comes. It bears a people away from their homes, Like Charon's ferry that bore the shades, Out of the old life into the new, And was left adrift in the everglades.

But fifty years ago!
And the shell marl under our feet,
Still keeps the dead in its winding sheet,
In the places they used to know.
The saw grass, bright as a basket of gold
Still holds the picture it used to hold;
The slough, bayou, and the river,
And the wreck of the old canoe,
But the forms of life and love it knew
Shall it know no more forever;
And the low, white vapor curled
Over empty village and open graves,
And the cry of the silly, whimpering waves
Is like the end of the world.

#### **SEPTEMBER**

The changeful skies; earth's varied stores, Have each a quiet way of speech, In soft, deceptive metaphors, That sweet as loving kisses teach.

And when the tranquil tropic air
A burst of fragrance overwhelms.
I think how northern trees grow bare,
Save where the ivy clots the elms.

Like soft gray glass, the atmosphere Lies over mellow tilth and fallow; The little brook is dusky clear Across its agate-colored shallow.

Through woodlands, where the shadow weaves
A gleam of purple on the ground,
The children gather painted leaves,
And hear a sweet, inconstant sound,

As if the hollow wood was breathing,
Or see the highway's line of dust,
A silvery mirage softly wreathing,
By orchards sweet with apple must.

The evenings linger, long and cool, Like brooks that loiter as they go, Where laggard waters love to pool, And listen to the underflow.

And saffron shadows, still and bright,
Like pictures seen through colored glass,
Have touched with pale, unreal light,
The undertones among the grass.

With summer's wan and dying look, Ere frost, in her familiar woods, Has locked the windows of the brook In gray and glassy solitudes.

Like some fair soul that doth forbode
The gentle parting of the seals,
Yet lingers smiling on the road,
To speak the cheerful hope she feels.

Even as the last light ebbs away
I linger by the pine and palm,
To see the night rise cool and gray
And nunlike, through the depths of calm.

Nor pause to ask how many times

The roses leaved to make so sweet
September, here among the limes,
Or there where fall and summer meet.

#### AN OLD GEORGIA MANOR HOUSE

In the awful hush of the midnight,

The doors slam; and to and fro,

From chamber to chamber and up the wide stair,

The noiseless dead people go,

Who lived in the house and were laid in their coffins

On the oak trestles below.

The gray-haired veteran of Eutaw
Who shouldered his musket and marched;
He lay on the trestles in buckle and band,
And his white frill ruffled and starched,
His poor pinched features sharp in the dark,
And his blue lips shrivelled and parched.

And the swart young soldier done to his death,
In the night, by his own hand;
The blood trickle staining the linen cloth,
And the wretched bloody brand,
And splotching the floor, till they clouted it up
In the soaking, clotted sand.

Poor little babes! Such small weak things,
Whose death cuts deep and sharp.
Had they but lived to be gray old men,
And elders, down in the dorp,
Could have told of the pilgrims who founded the
home,
In the day of Oglethorpe.

But the black shut chambers are hushed
All night, till the swathed moon,
Looks in the South windows, to see all clear,
And drive off the gray raccoon,
That thieves, in the shade of the old log walls,
By broad-bladed axes hewn.

Then the rocking-chair rocks and the doors slam,
The clock ticks loud and low;
It seems to talk to the ghosts downstairs;
Its gossip is heavy and slow,
Of what has been done since they went to bed,
In the graveyard down below.

The house dog hears them and howls
From his kennel under the sill;
Like the shuffle of feet that carry a corpse,
Blow the dry leaves harsh and shrill,
And a death cloud wraps up the moon,
Like a dead face stark and still.

But the gaunt pines, hoarse and low,
Like conventicles sour and grim,
With cloaks of gray moss over their heads,
Like soldiers of Hampden and Pym,
Thunder low basses the whole night long,
Of an old Moravian hymn.

#### OVER THE SUGAR KETTLES\*

De Lo'd, He in de cane row, gittin' out de cane. (Solo.)

Oh! Sinner! Oh! Beware (chorus of all hands). De debbil in de cane stock, all his might and main. (Solo.)

Oh, Sister! Don't you care!

De Lo'd, He got de cane knife cuttin' of de hill, Oh! Sinner! Oh, beware! (Chorus of female voices.)

T'row 'em on de hoss ca't; tote 'em to de milll Oh! Sister! Don't you care. (Chorus of male voices.)

Put 'em in de cane mill; mash 'em mighty fine.
Oh! Sinner! Oh, beware!
Massa! How de juice run, Lorus mele de wir

Massa! How de juice run, Jesus make de wine, Oh! Sister! Don't you care.

Mash'em into burgass; t'row'em in de flame, Oh! Sinner! Oh, beware! Jesus wid de drip spoon, scum away de shame, Oh! Sister! Don't you care.

Bimeby, de bead come! Sugar in de gourd,
Oh! Sinner! Oh, beware!
Make de milk an' honey fo' de chillen of de Lo'd
Oh! Sister, don't you care.

\*Colored hands made a frolic of sugar making at night, singing old hymns like
"Where Oh! Where is good old Daniel?
Safe over in the Promised Land."

#### THE ANGEL OF THE TWILIGHT

When the long evenings slanting grow, In crystal rafters over the beach, The roofs of Heaven are almost in reach, As I think of my sorrow of long ago.

Once more an old grief comes and wrestles,
As Jacob wrestled at Jabbok's ford;
A dumb resistance, with never a word,
But the shadow burthening down the trestles.

And a long foreboding that seems to grieve, Like the soldier who over his pallet hears, The whisper of patient suffering years, Before he is used to the empty sleeve.

As I kissed and cried over a cold, still face, In her bridal robes, on her bridal bed, And ever repeated, She is not dead; She will come out of her nestling place.

With flashes of laughter and wreathing arms, The maiden blush on cheeks of the wife; She will come back to me, life in life. In the dower of womanhood's bridal charms.

Or a coming step, I whisper is hers.

She sings the songs that she used to sing;

She comes like the blossom exhaling spring
Through the violet beds and the clover furze.

And the sweet, still dream shall her vigil keep, The whole night long, as she nestles near, Her warm breath fanning my cheek and ear, As she lies in my loose light arms asleep.

If I seek her by day, with the voice or hand, It ends in a doleful even song, Or the tale of an ancient forgotten wrong, To children who do not understand.

But after the twilight sheds its bloom,
Far over the meadows about our home,
The unseen angel may go and come
And roll the stone from the mouth of the tomb.

She comes in the dews of a paradise,
A holy blessing about me steals;
I feel her presence as one that feels
The glow of light upon closèd eyes.

So when the evenings slanting grow.
In crystal rafters over the beach,
The roofs of Heaven are almost in reach,
As I think of my sorrow of long ago.

#### THE LONG DREAM

The summer will come with a fresh perfume,
Where all the brown leaves are lying.
And the windy air, through the blush and bloom,
As a shuttle flies through a silken loom,
In the delicate foliage plying.

The morning will gather its beauty anew,
As sweet as in girlhood's promise;
Of green and golden, and rose and blue,
To weave fresh violets out of the dew,
As bright as the ones stolen from us

As I lie at ease, in my long repose,
All the beauty about me woven,
Like the cunning of sense, as it inward flows,
I shall feel in the blush that brightens the rose,
And the germ when its husk is cloven,

And the rootlets find their way underground Through the toils of a season's malice; Till I know how the coil of sense is wound To the far-off stars, in the depths profound, Where Earth seems a golden palace.

But you will not know of the watch I keep,
Where the flow of the senses all pass,
Like a dreamer, who hears the stir and creep
Of the wind, as he lightly lies asleep
Under the broad-leafed catalpas.

## U. S. M. PASSENGER STEAMER

Mississippi River, A.D., 1855-'61

Where the black bayou pools
In flags and cypress stools,
It drops a dusky halo
In the opalescent shallow
That crowns, with somber dimness,
A steamer's hulk and chimneys;
As if the crevasse had caught her,
Docked in her coffin, and hurried her,
In the arms of the pitiful water,
Into her grave and buried her,

The pastel painting mould, In colors of slime and ooze, Has laid their delicate hues In panels of greenish gold; And the vines, in the grand saloon, Have woven a silk cocoon, Like beds of the butterfly moth; But the gray moss, has, over all, Drawn a funereal pall Of satiny, velvet cloth.

How changed, since the flying swallow tail At her flagstaff was symbolical Of the Pride of the river, chiding The fat salt marsh of the bayou, When the lords of the South came ariding From the Gulf to the Falls of Ohio, On business lively as pleasure; And the wealth of the gilded cabin Was rich with a richer treasure Than the Roman stole from the Sabine.

What has become of her master?
What has become of her men?
The damask and lambrequen
Ormalu and alabaster?
Her nostrils breathing benzen
When throes of her mighty engine
Made the chandeliers clink and shiver,
To the throttle's hollow diphthong,
And the coils of the sinuous river
Unwound like a flying whipthong,
As she blew a smoky streamer,
That pictured, photographic,
The bends of the river traffic,
In the nose of a rival steamer.

What if some night-worn pilot, By New Cut, or low sand islet, Hears the capstan song of her dead men; The pant of her pistons churning, The pat of her buckets turning, And the long, slow cry of her lead men, While he sees her headlight burning In the bends of the old dead river, As of old the bold Sir Bedivere Saw the White Barge of the King come; And he swears a prayer or two, Not for the national income. Less than the Evangelists Would care or dare e'er to, Look at her strange passenger lists Or the marvelously splendid Cargos, she used to deliver, On the banks of the old dead river. The day of her glory ended Captain and capstan song, And the phantom she chased so long,

Ended her noble winnings,
That once set the river atalking.
The junk shop has scored her innings,
And the fungus is doing her caulking.
But the tall magnolias above her
Hang, like a mourning lover,
Dropping white immortelles
In the long, unbroken swells,
That picture, in polished emery,
Cut water to cabin spar,
Clear as a widowed memory,
The days before the war.

#### **ALWAYS**

Let the plover pipe to his mate in the weeds; The hart and the hind go play, But the fowler lurks in the marshy reeds, And the huntsman hides in the bay.\*

The salmon may leap in a fringe of froth, And the trout in the lake may laugh; But the fisherman's net will have them both, And cruel the barbèd gaff.

The eagle may lift, like a rising shout,
To the very deeps of the sky,
But the whistling bullet will find him out,
Though he be ever so high.

If ever the blue sky wears a sun
That is glad in the light of day,
Then the sorrowing stars come, one by one,
And gather his glory away.

Or, if ever the heart is rich and strong,
As a bridegroom's first caress,
The Death grief comes with its cruel wrong,
And robs us of happiness.

Let the plover pipe to his mate in the weeds, The hart and the hind go play, But the fowler lurks in the marshy reeds, And the huntsman hides in the bay.

<sup>\*</sup>Bay is bayou, a Florida word for a cypress swamp.

#### BLINDFOLDED

Two little white hands close over my eyes,
Tresses of brown hair touching my cheek;
A mad, merry voice in my ear, laughing, cries,
Who is it holds you now? Answer me quick!

Do I not know them? The bonny red lips?
Trim little waist in the calico gown?
Eyes and long lashes, where tremblingly slips
The lovelight so bashfully, tenderly down.

Do I not know them? Ay, Love, I was blind Ere the pretty ringed fingers came over my eyes With a way of their own that has taught me to find Every time that they touch me a sweeter surprise.

#### CASTA DIVA

Cold, in womanhood's chaste deceit;
Passionless, pure, and singing alone,
Ere the wild white summer has reddened the wheat,
And the musk of the locust bloom is blown,
A slim cold sybil, singing of Death,
And Love and Honor and Duty;
Chiding the air with her fragrant breath,
And making a sin of her beauty.

Though her lips be sweeter than flowers of wine,
When it beads in the crimson sheath of glass,
If she loves me not, what pleasure is mine?
It is but a violet hid in the grass.
To the wanton bee in his gold lace coat,
Whose violin wings are tuning,
In many a cooing and amorous note,
The bee to the blossom crooning.

For she comes like the Morning's misty cloud
That leaves its print on the garden bed;
On the Burgundy roses, grown more proud,
And the pink carnations, a deeper red;
She goes, as sweet to the finger tip,
In her beauty, stately and chilly;
But for the geranium red of her lips,
As the white of a cold, still lily.

Oh! sweet cold victims, withering sweet,
The pale, pure flowers her fingers hold,
Plucked ere the honey was made complete,
In orchids, roses, and marigold,
Till she seems a sin, as her fingers mix,
The cold of her beauty rebuking,
The passion flowers and kiss-me-quicks,
That her eyes are overlooking.

Oh! sin of being so sweet a thing;
So passionless pure in her cold content,
A chill denial of sweetheart spring
And out of her beauty, insolent;
A slim cold sibyl singing of Death
And Love and Honor and Duty,
Chiding the air with her fragrant breath
And making a sin of her beauty.

#### FLORIDA DAWN

The moon is low in the sky,
And a sweet south wind is blowing,
Where the bergamot blossoms breathe and die;
In the orchard's scented snowing;
But the stars are few, and scattered lie,
Where the sinking moon is going.

With a love sweet ache, a strain
Of the night's delicious fluting
Stirs in the air, with as sweet a pain
As the flower feels in fruiting;
And the night air blows a breath of rain,
Over buds and tendrils shooting.

Sweet as the wedding oath,
Of the light and shadow sworn,
As the mist, like a great white cloth,
Draws out of the orchard and corn,
Out of her chamber, blush and loth,
Like a bride comes the dewy Morn.

#### THE SPIRIT OF MELODY

The glitter and flush of beautiful hands
Over murmuring ivory keys;
And a voice like ripples o'er rushes and sands,
Caught up by the freshening breeze,
That gathers and sparkles and flows from her lips,
Like the bubbles of pink champagne,
Till a thrill of elysium, the senses eclipse,
And the soul floats down, like unpiloted ships,
On the waves of the sweet refrain.

And the flash of the hands; the flow of the voice;
And the charm of the beautiful eyes,
Though fair as the songs in which angels rejoice,
In the purples of Paradise,
Have an echo of something the spirit once heard
Falling low on the listening ear,
When the first triumph of melody stirred,
Before ever music had wedded the word,
In the songs of a different sphere.

# BABY AND MUSTARD PLAYING BALL

Noon in the tropics, blue and bright, Under the palm tree, stands upright. The dew of the rainbow burns in the glare, That leaves a dazzle and flash in the air; And the breath of the fragrant mouth of June Is sweet in the spices of afternoon. Under the shaddock and lemon trees, Grandpa dozes away at ease; The partridge pea, in its crimson hood, Is scattered about, like drops of blood It slips in his slumber, and interweaves A dream of the arrows parting the leaves; And the gallant fellows who fell with Dade In the reddened grass of the Everglade; And the Colonel-Governor going to dine, With his own blood red in the cups of wine.

The Ponceana, in panicles,
With a bird of Paradise plume and bells,
Is steeped in sun, and the petals hold
A tiny edging of scalloped gold.
Where the Cape Jesamines' scented snow,
Breathe a fragrance across the glow;
And the spice of the oleander flies
Under the lids of his sleepy eyes,
And the cypress vine has blown a score
Of scarlet bloom on the puncheon flow;
Over the porch and the rustic hall,
Where Baby and Mustard are playing ball;
Baby, a round little one-summer man,
And Mustard, a pickle of black and tan.

A bright little rustic scene it is,
Of tropical beauty and homely bliss.
The sun-burnt Baby, as brown as a nut,
Tosses the ball in the broad log hut;
And Mustard catches it, hand over hand,
And rolls outside with a bump on the sand,
While Grandpa dozes, and inly grieves,
In his dream, of the arrows parting the leaves,
While Baby backing on limber wrist,
Keeps holding the bone-rattle fast in his fist;
And over the stoop with a stumble and fall,
For Baby and Mustard are playing ball.

Chubby and Saucy, my brave little man, Collar and towsle the Black and Tan, For he can bound and bounce like the ball, While you, my little one, have to crawl, Where the flowers and foliage fence you in The porch, with the yellow jasmine, But outside meadows show daffydowndillies, And all the lake margin is white with lilies, Where the shadows of flying paroquets, Green and gold, in the quivering heats, Seem to plunge in the water, and skim, By a cool delightful under swim, Far under the nosing alligator, Whose bubbling spine along the water Startles the shadowy white Ergette Out of the border of emerald wet, While Grandpa dozes, and dreams again That the old wound opens a fresh red stain; And knows not Baby has, on all fours, Crept and tumbled quite out of doors, Nor heeds the mocking bird's mimic call Of Baby and Mustard playing ball.

Spirea japonica, princess feather, Dahlias and asters crammed together; Lilac, laburnum, virgin's grace, The passion flower in blue and lace, Catch-fly, cockscomb, crimson ruffed; Portulacca and candytuft; Orchids, pinks, and anemones, Myriad of phlox and argemonies, Marigold, heartsease, violet, Verbenas, pansies, and mignonette. Sensitive plants and the rose of Sharon, Adam's needle, and rod of Aaron, Growing together, the wild and tame, And more that the florist cannot name. For every spear-grass shows a comb. And weeds in flower are quite at home, A jolly playground this for the man, Playing at ball with the Black and Tan, And Mamma away at her spinning wheel, When Grandpa, shuddering, seems to feel, The Indian's arrowhead scrape the bone, And wakes with a sobbing sigh or groan, Half conscious of all he sees or hears Through the whispers of dropping conifers; Wakes with a sudden glance and call To Baby and Mustard playing ball.

For Baby, with crablike lurch and crawl, And frisky Mustard have lost the ball, Where out of the portulacca bed, There shoots a cone-shaped scaly head. The red blood curdles; the hard bones quake At the skirr of the deadly rattlesnake. Not a foot from the baby's chubby fist

His clinched corals and limber wrist Too late for help! No bullet could fly, Before the little one has to die! Oh! God of Mercy, how dread a screen To draw before that beautiful scene, All life and loveliness. At a breath The shuddering horror of sudden death.

A little white dove whose tender plumes
First beat the air into feathery flumes
Plucked by a cruel hand, and the spit
Sent quivering, bleeding, quite through it;
A little white bud that is pulled apart
To the pink of its innocent, little heart,
That might have given us joy, we know,
Had it been left alone to blow;
All cruel things that we do each day,
Sum and complete themselves, by the way,
The coilèd snake with its cusped fang
Out of the portulacca sprang.

Careless, unconscious, brave little one; Tawny and ripe in the Florida sun; Chubby and naked, with nutlike fist, He strikes with a baby's random wrist, And the coiled snake back in collisive battle Strikes his poison fang — in the baby's rattle.

Te Deum Laudamus; a baser cause Has roused and centered people's applause, When a shouting army, in rank on rank, Has crowded the churches just to thank Their God, with a vocal and brazon din, That He has permitted us all to sin. But stop, and stifle your glad surprise.
A Florida rattlesnake never flies;
The beauty of swiftly recovered coil,
Sudden and smooth as the glide of oil
And the shuddering beat of that deadly hum
Is the rattlesnake's sallying tenor drum.

Courage, little one, chubby and tough!
But surely now, you have done enough;
Not with your baby and naked hands
To grapple the speckled thing in the sands,
While Grandpa's shout and Mamma's scream
Burst like life in a startled dream.
Too late! But Mustard has heard the call
And goes for the snake, instead of the ball.

Tug and twist; and a sudden jerk,
Bravo! Mustard has done the work;
Limp, with life beginning to fail,
Down to the tip of its rattle tail,
While Grandpa powders away at its head,
And slaughters — the portulacca bed.

And this, I gather, will do for all,
Of Baby and Mustard playing ball,
In the fragrant Florida afternoon,
And the juicy beauty of spicy June.
And like the snake, to end with a tail,
One dog in the world there is: Not for Sale.

Jesus who loveth and chasteneth; Some to Mercy and some to Death; Blessed are they who receive His grace And in their little ones see His face.

#### THE MOORINGS

Moored out in the bay! And slowly under her keel, The long wave seems to feel; To crawl and feel its way, As if her stem might rip The smooth photogeny, Of the picture of the ship In the hollow of the sea.

Only twice a day
The short tide comes and goes,
Crunching under her toes,
Muttering and coughing;
And, lazily enough,
About her, in the offing,
The sun and shadows luff.

About the great white ships; The burly tugs and ferries; The fishing smacks and wherries, And the little sandy slips. She sees their shadows clear, By one, by two, by three, Appear and disappear In the hollow of the sea.

What has become of her master, What has become of her men? Shall the bo's'n never again Beat up to quarters, or cast her Dipsy lead in the shallow, To a sort of nasal tune, Larded with talk and tallow In the bight of the afternoon?

Shall one never see
Her as she used to be,
One solid sheet of bloom,
From her foretop studding sail
Down to her channel rail;
Aft to her spanker boom,
Fore to her flying jibs,
Flower out her ribs,
White as a lily buds,
Out of the salt sea suds?

Shall she never salt her Timbers in old traffic, Down the coast of Afric, Sailing from Gibraltar Round by Mozambique? Shall she never speak Sampan rafts afloat; The lean-toothed sloop of war? Or home bound, the Pilot Boat, At the break of the harbor bar?

Or when the scuds of clouds Blacken the night with rain, Feel her timbers strain From truck to futtock shrouds To run the sharp blockade, With the Federal gunboats at her Bursting a cannonade, In the hiss of the driving water!

Never! Her day is over, Of war and tempest and gain, No more shall the lusty strain Start in the old sea rover;

The crack of the canvas snapping, The shouts of the men; the souse Of the salt brine barking and flapping And poppling under her bows.

Never! Her rotting brails
Sag down from the yard;
The mildew is on her sails;
The shellfish crusts a shard
Over her copper legging,
As, limed in the ooze she waits,
Like Belisarius begging
At the conquered city's gates.

#### THE NORTHERN SNOW

An exile to the pine and palm,

I see the far-winged summer brood,
In azure depths of endless calm

Above a spice-breathed solitude.

And ample breadths of bloom unfurled, As sweet as that voluptuous South, When Antony gave the Roman world For Egypt's Cleopatra mouth.

All things of sound and sense appear
To breathe of nothing but content,
As if, unheeded through the year,
The vagrant seasons came and went.

Yet often, when I hear the rain,
In fleecy vapors whisper low,
Like ghosts before my window pane,
My heart would leap to see the snow.

To see across the frozen meres
In chalk and crayon's black and white,
The river hills through atmospheres,
Wind-blown, in dazzle points of light.

The smothered roofs that lie below

The little wreaths of thin blue smoke,
Where dodder holds handfuls of snow
Above them on its mother oak.

In smooth white level lies the croft,

A mound of snow, the boxwood shines
Still sweep the trowels, white and soft,
In sloping curves and sweeping lines.

Soft flurries, as a shadow blurs
The page in passing, light and fleet,
Of soft warm faces wrapped in furs,
Of faces passing on the street.

I see them through the falling rain.
Through all the years that lie between
Like ghosts before the window pane
Among the musk and evergreen.

Old boyhood friends; the fair young wife Who watched with me, so long ago, As if across another life Among the softly falling snow.

While yearning under pine and palm
The winds do chide uncounted hours,
Whose unspent summers dull the calm
In soft still utterances of Flowers.

#### TROUT FISHING

'Tis twenty years! Do you remember, When, boy and girl, we stole the skiff, And went afishing one September? The lake so clear, it was as if Upborne on Love's delicious leaven, We floated in a pure midheaven, With clouds of lilies for a border. The fragrant summer seemed to ache, In blossom, for dear passion's sake, Excessive with its sweet disorder, In you, too, was the fond distress, Of flush and fear and happiness, Caresses by caress unhanded, Till fingers mated on the rail, I thought the very trout could feel The double spoil was caught and landed.

Alas! that Love, which we remember, Blush-ripe, as all those wanton weeds, Should be a blossom of September, Born guiltless of the promise seeds; A dying thing, whose only duty Was clothing Life in forms of beauty. For though I held you in my arms, As full of honey, in your charms, As when the trefoil holds the clover, Your fingers, tutored in a thimble, In playing trout, were found so nimble, You caught the fish, and cast the lover.

Yet often, since we slipped the books, To play for life with baited hooks,

In pools less pure, do I remember
That fragile blossom of September,
Born guiltless of the promise seeds —
A dying thing whose only duty
Was clothing life in forms of beauty,
As a pretty novice in her beads,
With heaven above and heaven below it;
Our lives have grown to other needs;
Our boat lies rotting in the weeds
And we can neither raise nor row it.

#### THE OLD MILL

Live and Die; Live and Die!

And all the weary, weary years go by;

And the quaint old mill stands still;

The sun-mixed shade, like a spotted snake,

Lies half hidden in the bosky brake,

And half across the rill.

The summer comes, and the winter comes;
The flower blooms, and the striped bee hums,
And the old mill stands in the sun;
The lichen curls from the walls aloof,
And the rusty nails, from the ragged roof
Drop daily, one by one.

The long grass grows in the shady pool,
Where lazy cattle used to come to cool,
And the rotting wheel stands still;
The gray owl winks in the granary loft,
And the sly rat slinks, with a pitpat soft,
From the hopper of the quaint old mill.

The mill wheel clicked and the mill wheel clacked, And the groaning grooves once creaked and cracked,

And the children came and played;
The lazy team, in the days of yore,
Munched their fodder at the old mill door,
And drowsed in the grateful shade.

But the miller died, the good wife died,
And the children all went far and wide;
From the playground by the dam;
Their marble ring is grass o'ergrown,
As the mossy foot of the old gravestone,
Where the old folks sleep so calm.

Yet the miller's son, in the city thick,
Dreams that he hears the old mill click,
And sees the wheel go round;
And the miller's daughter, through her half-shut
eyes,
Can see her father, in his dusty guise,

Can see her father, in his dusty guise,

And the place where the corn was ground.

# IN MEMORY OF THE CONFEDERATE DEAD

Read before Camp 54, Confederate Veterans, June 17, 1900, at Orlando, Orange Co., Fla.

Sons of the old heroic South! Uplifted on her warriors' shields, In the dun smoke of the cannon's mouth Over a hundred battlefields

Honor and Welcome! Here you are. Who, in courage and comradeship, Ere beard had grown on cheek and lip, Followed you flag through four years' war. In battle and bivouac.

Though no more, She calls her children, man by man, To tread war's dreadful threshing floor; No more those colors in the van: Rich as the mists of morning, drawn Across the sunbeam's triple bar, Forebodes the war clouds' stormy dawn; The batteries burst; the prickly jar Of musketry; the rolling fire, The battle yell, and slow retire And rally of the stubborn foe, Dissolving like the Northern snow, In frozen clots, that will not flow, As in the fire and sweat of blood Our flowers of victory burst the bud, And now as long as lives endure The memory of that glorious past, While comrades' names grow fewer and fewer Shall answer the roll call to the last.

Born of Hope in a valley of tears, It marshaled the Southern cavaliers Over many a slippery field of blood, Under Lee and Longstreet, Jackson, Hood. It rode with Ashby, Stuart, Forrest, A rallying point when need was sorest; In Shiloh's battle where Johnston died, In the arms of victory, and astride Morgan and Mosby's plump of spears,

Tumbling army trains by the ears. A welcome beacon that flashed and swam Over Hill's red shirt, at Antietam; Or punctured, riddled, split in half A symbol still on its broken staff, As when Joe Johnston's whip-poor-wills Were whistling in the Georgia hills, And the fierce light of war's rivalry Fell broad and bright on the Southern Cause To show that our Southern chivalry In the manner of moral training was All that a manly race should be, Whose type is the stainless name of Lee, For every thread of the banner wove By woman's hands and woman's love, Consecrated her soldier's cause Till all that is noble in Life, it was.

The staff is broken; the bayonets rust;
And Honor sleeps in heroic dust,
That moulders on many a battlefield
With the broken sword and shattered shield.
The ramparts pressed by her soldiers' feet
When the bay was crushed by a hostile fleet
And our cities smitten with iron sleet,
Have sunk in deserted weedy ponds,
Green with the cannons' mouldering bronze.
But the swelling spirit that reached the sky,
Was the seed of God and cannot die.
A cause may fail in the civil strife,
But never the spirit that gave it life.

Sometimes quarrying in the rocks
That have survived the earthquake shocks,
And nations sunk into nameless dust;
We find, on the solid upturned crust,

The print of a fern leaf's filmy web
As perfect in delicate spore and neb,
Fibre and meshes, as when it grew
A breath of the summer's sun and dew,
Thousands of centuries ago,
While mountains have melted away like snow.
So wonderful are the ways of God,
Who keepeth His record in the sod,
Although a name be writ in the sand
As the frame of a brave heroic deed,
Like His seal in the rock of the fragile weed,
'Tis the letter of His own hand.

While grass grows and the waters run In the light that lives in the Southern sun, The very ground, like a written scroll, Scarped and terraced in ditch and knoll, Shall mark the places of battles won; And trench and pit, like a soldier's scar, Shall be memorials of the war. As close as a closely written page, In letters of war in its wasting fever Engraved in lead in the rock forever The tale of the South's Heroic Age.

Queen of the South! our native land Crowned in summits of jeweled snow From the shouldering hills to the silver sand In the golden bowl of Mexico, She gathers and scatters with liberal hand An hour's wealth in each fruitful minute With a bounty that has "No winter in it." Wherever she presses her sandaled feet The flower blooms and the air is sweet, With pomegranate musk and orange bloom

As vases of roses fill a room.

Our nursing Mother though laws forbid
The Cause we love, and the deeds we did
Under her flag and in her name,
All we fought for is just the same.
In whatever color invasions come,
The men who fight
To the bitter end for the hearth and home,
Are always right.

#### At The Graves.

With arms reversed and muffled drums
The old victorious army comes
From Manassas and Bentonville
To those who are survivors still.
The order of the day is read:
"Camp 54 to bury the dead."
The ghostly drum beat in our ears,
The cavalry bugle ebbs and swells,
Eyes dim with unforgetting tears,
We scatter the holy asphodels.

#### THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE DOE

A Legend of Spanish Florida

How sweet above the placid Ays,
The rainbow mists dissolve and shiver,
When first the morning's early rays,
In shifting colors, clothe the river.

The wild hydrangeas nod and dip;
The water lilies choke the shallows;
The spider sails his painted ship
In archipelagoes of mallows.

The spoonbill blushes to the quill.

In mid leg musings in the water;

The trout, in parlors cool and still,

Lies hidden from the busy otter.

The jasmine bugles blow a rhyme,
Across the wind and water vagrance,
As if distilled in bowls of thyme
An ancient love song turned to fragrance.

And all is fair as in the days
When, slim and feathered, like her arrows,
The White Doe saw, across the Ays,
The Spaniard riding down the narrows.

Old ways go out, as seasons fall,
The rosary drives the zuni feather;
But Love's the cord that runs through all,
And holds the beads of prayer together.

Pea-blossoms blew, and trumpet flower;
The spring was sweeting for the farmer,
When to her door, in evil hour,
The Spaniard rode in shining armor.

He wore the Pine and Paroquet
Embroidered on his shield and pennon.
The golden spurs were on his feet,
His bugle baldric white as linen.

He kissed the gourd she held to him,
Their hands, their lips were pressed together
He crossed the ford where lilies swim,
And vanished like a floating feather.

She heard his carol faintly float
Away across the border sedges,
And die, on many an amorous note,
Along the rivers willowy hedges.

A kiss! How small; how sweet a thing! It thrilled her, like a field of clover, That feels the lips of light in Spring, And breaks in red and white all over.

She saw him, as on placid Ays,
The rainbow mists dissolve and shiver,
When first the morning's early rays
In shifting colors clothe the river.

He could not be a mortal born;
He came so strange; he shone so brightly;
His wonder steed; his bugle horn;
His bearded lip that kissed so lightly.

Wherefore she built herself a shrine
To Phœbus and the Zuni feather,
And sang the Paroquet and Pine
In cooing hymns to summer weather.

Now in those days sought bigot Spain, From Cofachi to Carlos hatchee, By cross and fagot, to restrain The worship of the Apalachè.

The wild knight of the Paroquet,
Would God, he met our good Sir Walter,
Like levin bolt and scaur in wheat,
O'erthrew in scorn her simple altar.

When kneeling at his feet she prayed; God man, or God, or more than human! "Save me from shame, a simple maid, For you are strong, and I am woman."

In vain she prayed. But now to JuneBy Zodiac paths of stars ascended;The Sun, throned high in Afternoon,Looked down the radiant deeps, offended.

As berries are of blossoms reaped
By force, transforming and impassioned,
To silver hoofs her hands were shaped,
And in the Doe her form was fashioned.

But as the caitiff knight drew off,
Apalled by such metempsychoses!
The sunbeams smote his metal coif,
And coiled him like the rod of Moses.

"Blind to Love's voice, accursed Thing!
Your portion be to guard and follow,
Until the shifting season's bring,
A mate for her who loves Apollo.

Three hundred times the orange bloom
Has blown in bubble gold its juices;
Three hundred times in song's perfume
The jasmine bugles sounded truces.

And still the White Doe wears the form And nature of her timid fashion; The rattlesnake still sounds alarm, And all who see her burn with passion.

But when her lover shall appear,
Once more will rise the Zuni feather.
The corn grow fuller in the ear,
And Red and White lie down together.

The Ays: There has been confusion in identifying this river of the old chronicles. In the Aplachi, the meaning Ays or Aisa, is a deer, by which the region now known as Orange County was meant. The river was probably the Oklewaha, or the Kissiommee, later names given by the Seminole.

The Zuni feather was a symbol of religious

mystery.

The esteem in which this noble adventurer was held by the Indians, no less than his cotemporaries in Europe, is shown in Hackluyt, the compte rendu and Kingsley's essay. His name was the promised refuge from oppressions of Spain until it passed into a sort of myth or superstition.

To hunt the White Doe is to go on an unat tainable pursuit.

#### MILKING TIME

The Sun is low and the sky is red,
Over meadows in rick and mow;
And out of the lake-grass, overfed,
The cattle are winding slow.
A milky fragrance about them breathes,
As they loiter, one by one,
Over the fallow, and out of the sheathes,
Of the lake-grass in the sun;
And hark, in the distance, the cattle bells,
How drowsily they steal;
Iô, Redpepper, Brindle, Browny, and Barleymeal.

From standing in shadowy pools at noon,
With the water udder deep.
In the sleepy rivers of drowsy June,
With the skies above asleep;
Not a leaf astir on orange or oak,
And the palm flower thirsting in halves,
They wait for the signs of the falling smoke
And the evening bleat of the calves
And hark, in the distance, the cattle bells, how
drowsily they peal!
Iô, Redpepper, Brindle, Browny, and Barleymeal.

Oh! wife whose wish still lingers and grieves,
In the chimes that go and come;
For Peace and Rest in the twilight eves,
When the cattle are coming home;
How little we knew, in the deepening shades,
How far our ways would lie;
My own alone in the everglades,
And your home there in the sky;
And how I would linger alone in the old familiar peal,
Iô, Redpepper, Brindle, Browny, and Barleymeal.

## THE BURIED HOPE

Fold down its little baby hands;
It is a hope you had of old.
Fillet the brow with rosy bands,
And kiss its locks of shining gold.
Somewhere, within the reach of years,
Another hope may come, like this,
But this poor babe is gone in tears,
With thin, white lips, cold to thy kiss.

In summer, a little wreath of flowers:
In winter, a little drift of snow;
And this is all, through all the hours,
Of the promise perished long ago.
So every heart holds one dear grave,
Close hidden under its joy or care,
Till over it winds of memory wave,
And lay the little headstone bare.

#### THE BERGAMOT BLOSSOM

We had no other gifts to give,
But just one withering flower;
We had no other lives to live,
But just that one half hour;
So small, so sweet, its freight of musk
Makes fragrant all life's after dusk.

For this, the summer toiled and spun,
With fairy fingers silken shot,
Till moonlight's milky threads had run,
In the scented, creamy bergamot,
That gives one dear, remembered hour,
The fragrance of the orange flower.

Through love and parting this remains A memory, like a faint perfume,
More dear than all life's loss and gains,
About a withering orange bloom.
Whose fading leaves of dusky green,
Do say how sweet life might have been.

#### IDLE WORDS

Oh! say not idle words are like
A wind track on the sea,
For oft a wandering chord may strike
The heart's deep mystery;
And tears, that prayers could not call up,
Flow, as if strangely stirred,
The fountain of the heart's full cup
Ran over at a word.

For idle words that fell unwatched,
May rise in after years,
With feeling song has never matched,
And eloquence of tears,
May breathe a thought whose lightest tone,
From coldness or the grave,
Brings one whose life or love alone
We would have died to save.

Then think not idle words are lost,
For oh! they may return,
With feeling time has guarded most
Within her sacred urn;
They fall, like Undine's, careless tears
Among the Danube's whirls,
To be regained in after years,
A diadem of pearls.

#### IN MEMORIAM

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE: Obiit. July 7, 1886

No battle note or pomp of arms reversed; No tuck of drum shall be his last requiem. But in our hearts his memory is hearsed, And in our love we build his mausoleum.

The pure in heart! As little children hear
In the still night the purling of some fountain
Lulling their dreams, come like the messenger
Whose feet are beautiful upon the mountain.

So, to Life's troubled dream, his songs have given Preludes of higher themes, as if the proem Of songs the great archangel sings in heaven Lived in his verse, and made his life a poem.

#### JIMMY'S WOOING

The wind came blowing out of the West
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came blowing out of the west,
It stirred the green leaves out of their rest,
And rocked the bluebird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
The swallows skimmed along the ground
And rustling leaves made a pleasant sound,
Like children babbling all around,
While Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by —
And Jimmy mowed the hay —
Milly came with her bucket by,
With wee light foot, so trim and sly,
And sunburnt cheek and laughing eye,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown —
And Jimmy mowed the hay —
A rustic Ruth in linsey gown;
He watched the soft cheeks changing brown,
And the long dark lash that trembled down,
Whenever he looked that way.

And Milly's heart was good as gold,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
Oh! Milly's heart was good as gold,
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold;
And more he thought he never told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The wind came gathering up his bands,
As Jimmy mowed the hay,
The wind came gathering up his bands,
With the clouds and lightning in his hands,
And a shadow covering all the lands
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain, Where Jimmy mowed the hay; The rain came pattering down amain, And under a thatch of the laden wain, Jimmy and Milly, a cunning twain, Sat sheltered by the hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay —
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
A wild bird fluttering home to nest,
And then, I swear, she looked her best,
Under a thatch of hay.

For when the Sun came laughing out
Over the ruined hay;
And when the sun came laughing out
Milly had ceased to pet and pout,
And twittering birds began to shout
As if for a wedding day.

#### FALLEN LEAVES

The dying summer had spilled its blood.
Oh! the beautiful weather!
On all the oak leaves in the wood,
As we went out together.

The partridge sprang from the yellowing corn, Oh! the beautiful weather; And sang the song of a bridal morn, As we went out together.

The wind came gathering up her band, Oh! the fickle weather! Like mourners following, hand in hand, As we came home together.

The red leaves tumbled among the rocks; The cruel, cruel weather, Like birds shot bleeding out of flocks, As we came home together.

The cold rain sobs on the fallen leaves
And over the sodden heather;
A lonesome heart that sighs and grieves
Knows it is wintry weather.

#### COASTING FROM BARBADOES

Coasting from Barbadoes; My love is a bed of roses; Coasting from Barbadoes, As the pomegranate evening closes, She comes, with her maids, to the leafy coves, Smooth in the shallows, and sweet as cloves, Where the shade all day reposes.

Coasting from Barbadoes,
She bares her feet in the sand,
And the sweet girl laughter comes and goes
Back from the sea and land,
It comes to the ship in the violet dusk,
Like slips of orange and landward musk,
Of Indus and Sarmacand.

Coasting from Barbadoes,
Oh! ripple that left the ship,
You will toy and play on the buds of rose
And die on her fragrant lip;
But what has a reefer who sails the sea
To do with such a beauty as she;
A delicate Eden slip!

Coasting from Barbadoes A fin's flash in the dark!

A waister cries, as it dips and shows, "Lower away for the shark!
But a reefer plunges before he speaks, And rises among the girlish shrieks, Nimble and lithe and stark.

Coasting from Barbadoes,
The tall ships come and go,
As I think of the time I plunged and rose
In the round little cove below,
Snatching a wife from the hungry bay,
A blush of love in the dying day,
Of the summers of long ago.

#### THE PHANTOM TRAIN

At the dead of the night, the dead of the night,
There's a sound along the rails,
The clank and creak of a whirling crank,
Like the flapping of iron flails.

With the long low roll that heralds a storm, Over sunburnt fields of grain; With the sullen roar of rain in the wood Comes the invisible train.

It stops nor stays by station or town,
But sweeps, in its viewless flight,
To a city whose beautiful walls are hewn
From the splendid quarries of light.

Unseen, from the silent land it comes, Where the mists lie, low and deep, In the beating pulses like muffled drums, While the passengers wake or sleep.

And dream till the morning white and cold Comes out of the shining east And breaks the Lazarus sleep of night, With a touch as of God's high priest.

#### THE TRANSIT OF VENUS

And as we walked, that summer night,
She chided me, because I told her;
Oh! kiss me, love, beneath their light,
Before the moon and stars are older.

Was it to see the bridegroom moon
Fill all the skies with loving splendor,
She raised her eyes, that night of June,
So darkly gray and brightly tender.

For as the moonlight kissed those eyes,
And drew its scarf about her shoulder,
We tasted dews of Paradise,
Before the moon and stars were older.

#### THE PARTING SOUL

Κειταὶ Καλος 'Αδωνις έπ' ωρεσι
— Dirge of Adonis.

Alas! poor Yorick, I knew him, Horatio,
A fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy.
He hath borne me on his back a thousand times.
— Hamlet, Act V, scene i.

Last night, by some unconscious sense,
I felt the spirit leave the clay;
Before my sight, this body lay,
In all its helpless impotence,

Around me swam all sweet desires
Of life fulfilled, and at an end,
I saw the past and present blend
In one, like flames of wedded fires.

No more to do: All work was done.

Henceforth my spirit clove through space,
And stood with Wisdom, face to face,
With all its final conquests won.

No more removed, but purified,
It joined the conscious chain of sense,
That springs from All-Intelligence
In the I am, uncrucified.

A larger influence moved it on,
Above the plain of Pride and Pelf,
In that complete increase of Self,
That gathers all, through all, in One.

It had no need to speak or move; It had no wishes to fulfil, For all things lay within its will, And all of love, for it was Love.

But there the helpless body lay,
How pitiful! How cold and pale!
The fetters and the broken jail,
All windowless, and cold and gray.

No more to ache or grieve or cry, No more to suffer or to think; No more to eat or sleep or drink; No more to wake; no more to die.

And yet how pitiful it was;
The blue white lips and stiffened form,
That once had been so sweet and warm,
Within its little round of laws.

I almost wished to die for it,
For it had been so true to me;
So free of gall or jealousy;
So full of laugh and simple wit.

And now! A poor weak thing like that,
Believed unworthy of the light;
And to be hidden out of sight;
A trampled clod; a bruisèd mat.

A lump of clay; a thing rejected, Or fit to feed the garden mould. And grow again, in green and gold, Of its sweet nature imperfected.

Not to be thought of or compared.

But look you, now: I can remember,
Some twoscore years ago, the ember
Of baby life became ensphered.

And all the days of childhood hide In efflorescence, happier, With this, my little playmate here, Than I could tell you, if I tried.

Those poor cold feet of straitened look
Have climbed the apple trees for me,
And I scarce higher than your knee,
Or, barefoot, paddled in the brook.

Those arms have clasped a mother's breast; That tongue about a father's knee Has prattled of the life to be, So sweet, although so poor at best.

That cold and unresponsive brain
Has, through the ever-quenchèd eyes,
Its service borne, to make me wise,
In cells and chambers full of pain.

And just for what? Not Self, but me!
Some idle honor lost or won.
Enough to know its part was done,
And I was happy, just to be.

How wan the poor thing is. I would That I could close the cold, sad eyes That never more will see the skies, Or kiss the lips so shrunk and blued.

I do not praise its form or grace, Or make it other than I see; Worn out in service, all for me; And dear because she loved its face.

Pale Self, I kiss thee, so subdued, Lest of thy heart, some bitter herb Should grow up rankly, and disturb Man with infused ingratitude.

Of all that's true, thou wert the truest; Of all that's kind, thou wast most kind; My perfect image was thy mind In what I am, and what thou knewest.

Now to be rich and strong and use
The general gift of conscious sense,
That runs through Nature, I go hence,
Half traitor; then a voice said: Choose!

All things flow out from God and back, In one full circle. Nothing grows But in the current Life that flows From Him; and yet there is no lack.

And as my married lips in breath,
Kissed the cold clay, the life insped,
And like a whisper, something said:
This spirit was not ripe for Death.

#### THE GOLDEN WEDDING

Come, sit thee down, my gentle love,
So many Mays have come,
And gone, since those old courtship days,
Before we made our home,
I hardly realize the doubts
And fears that vexed me then,
Is there no echo in your heart
Of those old days again?

How long we were apart. It seemed,
So strange to come together;
The long sad miles that lay between,
Of fair and stormy weather;
The letters often read, and words,
So precious to the heart.
And now! It is as strange to think
We ever were apart.

I see some broken trinkets yet
Given in those sweet old days,
You cherish them as if they were
Links of that time always.
I saw you yesterday take up
An old gift of those years,
And kiss the faded face and frame,
With strange and tender tears.

And this poor picture of yourself,
Worn on my heart so long;
The memory of the day 'twas given
Is sweet as some old song,
Some sweet old song, that's incomplete,
In notes and broken bars,
As if a half had gone to heaven,
To sing among the stars.

The first kiss trembled on your lip,
So maidenly and shy,
You blushed and trembled so; as if
Its sweetness made you die!
For all your color fled again,
So sweet it was, and fleet,
Yet say the poets what they may,
This last is just as sweet.

For all that was, and all that is,
And all that is to be,
Are parts of that one whole, our lives —
Made one to you and me;
And if I loved you so of old,
You'd scarce believe, before;
Yet now believe me: Every day
I've loved you more and more.

Pray God, it may be to the last,
The two lives grown in one,
Like some fair plant that every day
Grows upward to the Sun;
So nearer heaven may we grow,
With tender ties unriven,
Till ripe, the harvests gathered in
And garnered up in Heaven.

#### SOUTH FLORIDA NIGHT

The rain floats off. The crescent moon
Holds in its cup a round of dusk,
Like palm buds, in the month of June
Half breaking through a vernal husk,
While breathes a low, sweet undertone
Like brooks that grieve through beds of fern,
As if, by curve and pebble stone,
The moon had spilled her silver urn.

Night blooming agaves part the sheaf,
To catch the light, distilled in showers,
Till, overflowing cup and leaf,
Each cluster breaks in midnight flowers,
Like merchants breaking kids of nard,
And jars of olives, desert born,
Pineapples lift a prickly shard,
And show the seeds of fragrant corn.

Like Hebrew maids, the citrons hold Their pitchers to the vapor spring, And fill the hollow rinds of gold, With midnight's musky offering;

So once, I think, Earth knew her Lord, In lands, like these, of palm and vine, When midnight gave the sweet accord That turned the water into wine.

#### THE GREEK BOW

#### Iliad Book IV, v. 104-131

After Athena had spoken, his mind was given over to folly.

He stripped the sheathe from the bow, he had got from a wild, leaping Big Horn,

Lying in wait, he had shot it himself, as it came down the rocks,

Right through the chest and straightway it had fallen headlong down from the cliff;

And the growth of the horns from the head was a spread, fully, of sixteen palms.

The bowyer, horn-polishing artist had fitted them well together.

Smoothly wrought to the finish and furnished with golden tips.

Stooping down, as he bent the bow, he held it inclined to the ground,

While his valiant comrades surrounding, held their shields upright before him

Lest any other warlike sons of Mars, the Greeks, should spring up,

Ere ever the martial Menelaus, son of Atreus was arrow shot.

Uplifting the lid of the quiver, he selected an arrow out of it;

One that had never been shot, a winged venomcursed, full of pain.

He fitted the notch of the piercing arrow even, on

the bowstring;

And prayed to Apollo, the Lycian born god of the Archer,

Offering an illustrious hecatomb, firstlings of lambs on his altar.

As the ox hide sinews drew together the stiff tips, held by the middle,

He brought the string to his breast, the iron head to his bow hand,

As soon as the stiffening fibres wrenched the great bow round as a circle.

Loosed from his thumb, the string snaps loud, and the leaping arrow,

Whistling sharp at the mob, flies hissing with angry venom.

Not then did the blessed immortal gods forget thee, oh! Menelaus!

First and chiefest, the ruthless destroyer, daughter of love, standing

Before thee, fended off lightly, the sharp pointed arrowflights' deadly minations;

Brushing it back, lest it touch the skin, much as a nursing mother

Brushes a fly from the child that lies in her lap in a pleasant slumber.

#### THE LITTLE FAULT

Dear eyes that wear the long regret

For something missed, that should be ours,
As if the part of life that set

In me to music, like the flowers,

In the expected hush, grew less
And lost the accent of the psalm;
Even while your wistful eyes express
A faltering hope in what I am,
That seemed so near; so bright and sure,
Had I been something less, or more.

In vain, I try to drive them back,
These vague misgivings of the heart.
In others' eyes we see the lack
Is something wanting on our part
And nothing, that the world can give,
Can ease the heart's reproachful strife,
At losing that for which we live;
The bloom and poetry of life,
That seemed so near; so bright and sure,
Had I been something less or more.

You could not seem more beautiful,
Nor I more worthy in your eyes,
Yet doubts the heart will overrule,
In which a vague disquiet lies;
And questions come, unasked, unsought,
As weapons, with unfitted helves,
Is Life less Royal than we thought?
Or is its failure in ourselves?
It seemed so near, so bright and sure,
Had I been something less, or more.

A little flaw! We know not what
That takes the beauty from the flowers,
In all we see, that this is not,
The perfect life that should be ours,
Which through all change keeps still in sight

As clear as shadows in the glass,
Life's fair Ideal, framed in light,
Through barriers that we cannot pass;
And yet so near, so bright and sure;
Had I been something less, or more.

#### PHILO-PŒNA

An incident of the Battle of Chaplain Hills (Perryville) Ky., fought by Federal and Confederates, Oct. 8, 1863.

The orchard lands of Perryville
Were sweet in must of aftermath;
The dust lay thick on Chaplin Hills,
On country road and bridle path.

The brooks were withered at their springs,\*
And, sapless as the falling leaves,
That spread their wan and sallow wings
Through all the dry October eves.

She stood beside the old well curb,
As sweet in maiden innocence
As the fragrant pennyroyal herb
That filled the corners of the fence.

"Give me a drink." She lifted up
One hand to shade an upward look,
And one to reach the small tin cup
That hung from its accustomed hook.

\*It was this unusual drouth in Kentucky, precipitated the fight for water, for which neither general was prepared.

Her eyes were bright, her lips were red,
Her gentle voice was sweet and low.
"Give me one kiss for Love," I said,
"Or just for luck, before I go.

"My friends are waiting at your gate,
The rolling drums, the bugles bleat;
On yonder hills the reapers wait
To sheaf and bind life's ruddy wheat."

She did not speak. Her downcast eyes
Were steeped in dews of sudden pain,
As gray as when the summer skies
Are shadowed by a sudden rain.

She kissed me once; she kissed me twice; She laid her fragrant lips to mine And answered with a faltering voice, That thrilled me like the musk of wine.

And blushing under bated breath,
She whispered me, that they were given
One kiss to grace a soldier's death,
And one for Christ's dear love in Heaven.

Life has no richer gifts to give,
And no regrets can spoil the hour,
In which the grace that let me live
Till then had reached its perfect flower.

To Honor and to Christ she prayed,
And out on yonder battle plain,
Red Honor's lips kissed every blade,
And Christ's dear blood has blessed the
slain.

For, though war's sickle clave the land, When all the ruddy harvest's done, The dead that fell, on either hand, In Christ's dear blood shall all be one.

#### "UNDER THE ROSE"

#### A Platonic Kiss

You kissed me, as if roses slipped
Their rosebud necklaces, and blew
Such breaths as never yet have dipped
The bee in fragrance over shoe,
While rose leaves of their color stripped
Themselves to make a blush for you.

Nor chide with such a cold constraint,
As if you laid the rose in snow;
For this the summer stores her paint,
The dappled twilights overflow
With motley colors, pied and quaint,
For kisses that in flowers do grow.

Nor pout and tease: you did not mean
So sweet a thing. Abide this test:
In open markets grades are seen
Of good and bad, in price expressed;
The buyer's purse must choose between;
But when we give, we give the best.

Yet if that color, sweet as bees, Of flower flushes teases, see

How we can pluck such thorns as these, That bleed in blushes, easily; For kiss me, sweet, just as you please; I'll take it as it pleases me.

#### AFTER DARK

When Twilight gathers in her sheaves,
And wheeling swallows skim the flume,
The ploughman, turning homeward, leaves
His plough mid-furrow in the broom,
And through the melancholy eves
The orange drops its milkwhite bloom.

The old delights that go and come
Through sorrow, in the falling dew,
Like waves that wore a wreath of foam
The darker that the waters grew,
Flow round my solitary home
At evening, when the stars are few.

So, sad and sweet as bridal tears
For broken homes, to see withdraw
The child we love, have gone the years
We climbed the frosty hills, and saw
Descend on all the frozen meres
The sunlight breaking through the thaw.

Like one who in the driving snow,
When all the untrodden paths are dim,
Hears far-off voices, faint and low,
Across the woodland calling him,
I hear the loved of long ago
Singing among the seraphim

And as the soft, dissembling light
Falls, shadowing into dusky red,
I think how beautiful the night
With gathering stars is overspread,
Like seeds of many an old delight
Through sheaves of sorrow harvested.

### FLORIDA INDIAN LOVE CHANT

My love is like the cocoa in the saw grass, As the beauty of the reed is to the betel palm, The fairest show her more beautiful.

She rises betimes in the morning; She bathes in the beautiful water; She lies in the beds of the lilies.

She bakes fresh fish in the ashes; She broils a broad platter of venison; She gathers sweet honey and apples;

She is sweeter than honey or apples; She is fairer than plumies\* or lilies. I love her and live in her beauty.

<sup>\*</sup>The Ponceana





